THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 18, 1931

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the BYSTANDER

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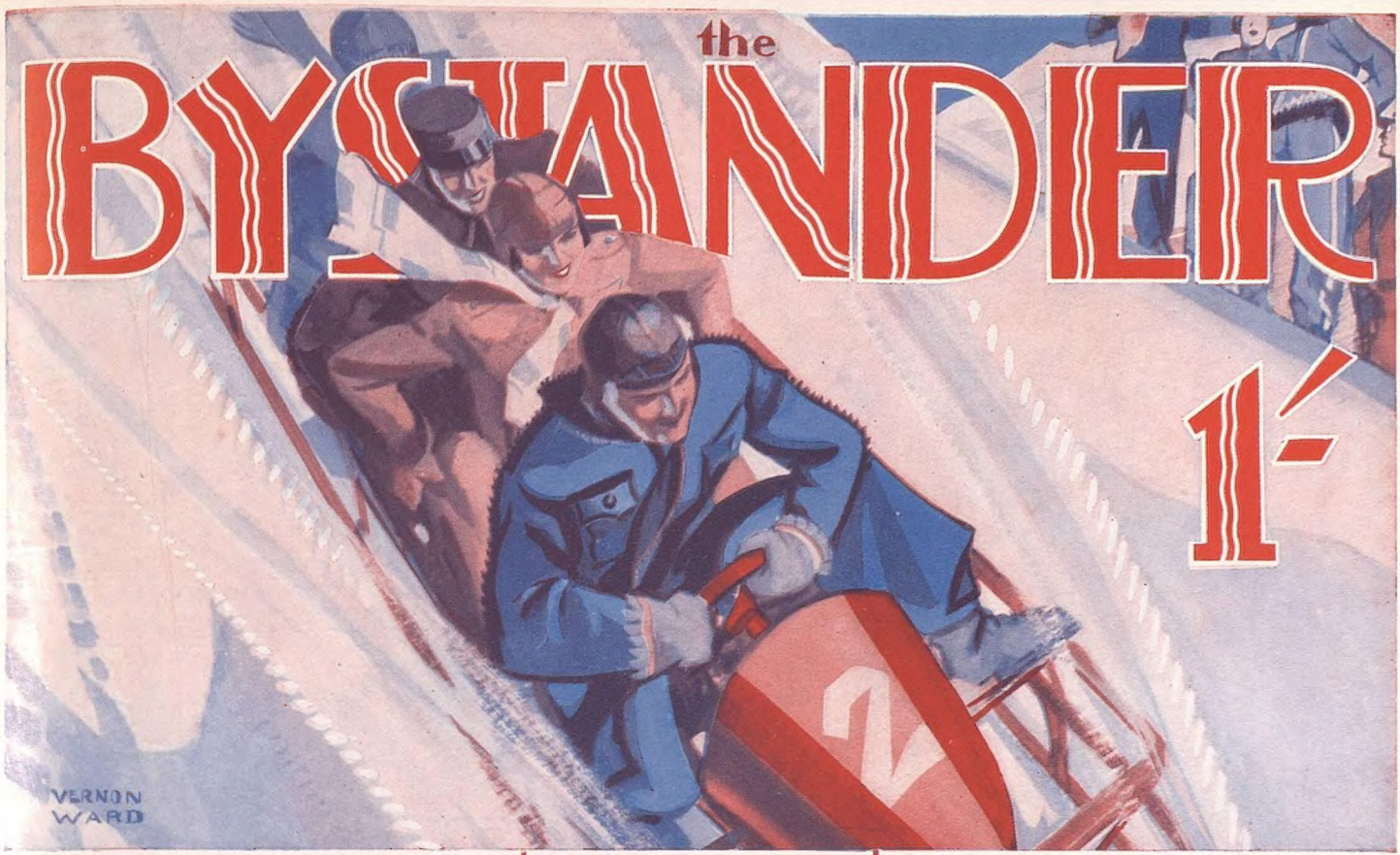

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The Bystander, February 18, 1931 No. 1418. Vol. CIX.

the BYSTANDER

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER *By Sasha*

POLA NEGRI

The famous film-star "vamp" of the silent screen, who made her debut on the English stage last week when she appeared at the London Coliseum in a dramatic sketch, "Farewell to Love," the plot of which she evolved herself. One of her objects in making an appearance before British audiences was to demonstrate that her voice will prove attractive for English-speaking parts in talkie films, a purpose which she fulfilled with outstanding success

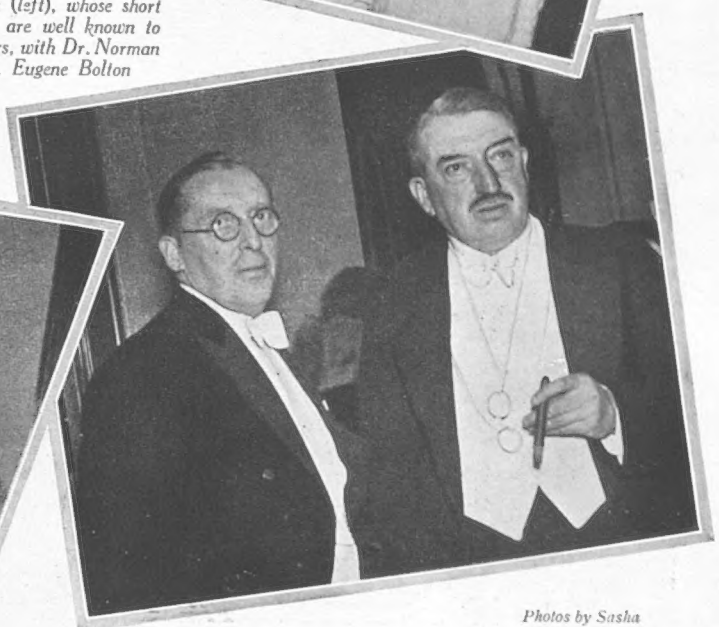
FIRST NIGHTERS AT "KONG" at the CAMBRIDGE THEATRE

Major and Mrs. John Hay Beith (left), chatting with a friend. Major Beith is more widely known as Ian Hay, the playwright and novelist

Miss Ethel Mannin (left), whose short stories and articles are well known to "Bystander" readers, with Dr. Norman Haire and Mrs. Eugene Bolton

Capt. Menzies and Lady Portarlington arriving for the première at the Cambridge Theatre

Miss Stephanie Stephens, in private life Mrs. Elwy Jones, snapped in the vestibule



Photos by Sasha

Mr. R. H. Gillespie (left), the Managing Director of Moss Empires, with his brother, Colonel Gillespie. This was the first time these brothers had been photographed together

Topical

Some of the competitors in the European Ladies' Championships on the ice at St. Moritz. They are the Misses Yvonne de Ligne (left), N. Helevsky, Sonja Henie, Ilse Hornung, Lilly Weilber, Else Flebse, N. Volpato, Fritzi Burger and Vivi-Anne Nulthen

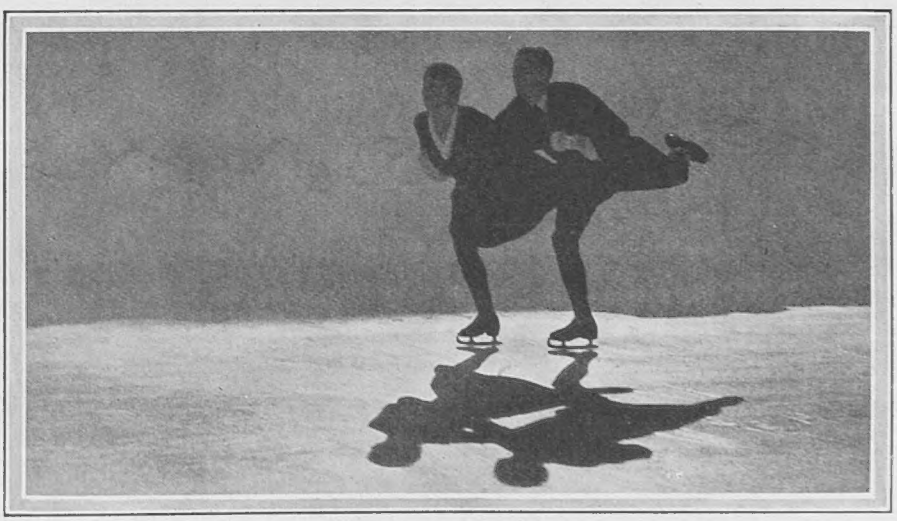
the passing hour

THE one subject of conversation that has titillated the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and Marylebone (which, by the way, are becoming more and more the same thing nowadays) has been the fuss and rumpus over the resignation, and then the withdrawal of the resignation, of Sir Rennell Rodd, the M.P. for Marylebone. There seems little doubt that the senior members of the party, headed by Lord Hailsham, who live in Marylebone, had no intention of allowing certain things to happen. By persuading Sir Rennell Rodd to stay on, they have achieved this. But I am sorry for Captain Ian Fraser, the blind ex-M.P., who was one of the prospective candidates, and who would have made an admirable representative for the constituency, as he, at any rate, is an independent politician and a first-class speaker. He has recently passed his Bar examinations.

WITH the Prince of Wales and Prince George nearing the great Buenos Aires Exhibition, it is a matter of extreme interest to manufacturers of every kind of material used for clothes to know what they will wear in South America. Despite

Sport and General

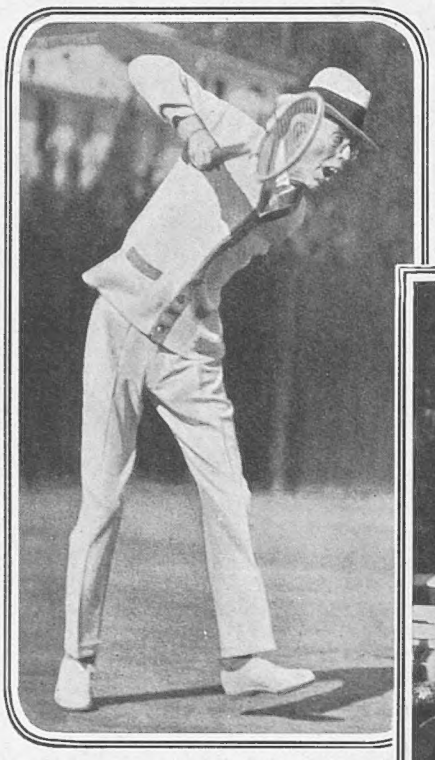
A. Canfranchi, the winner of the Curzon Cup, which was competed for on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz



A NOCTURNE ON THE ICE

A remarkable photograph of skaters going all out on the rink at Davos

RULING KINGS IN LIGHTER MOMENTS

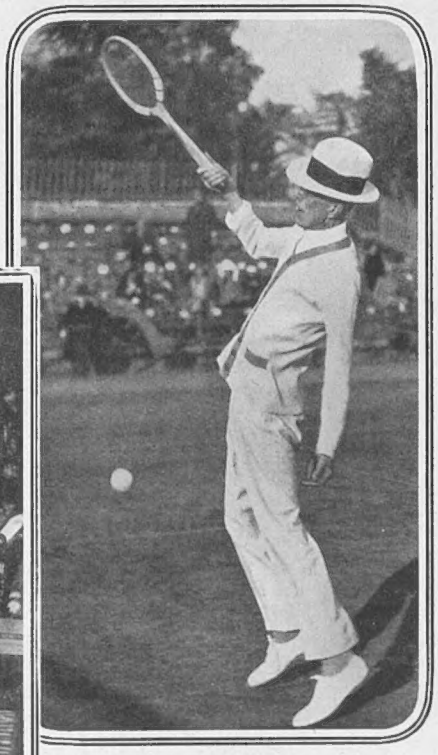


Central News

Two studies of King Gustave of Sweden indulging in some strenuous tennis, despite his seventy-two years, whilst competing in the Nice tournament. He injured his hand against the stop-netting, but, after treatment, played through his match

Below : The King of Denmark discharging some of his "ammunition" during the Battle of Flowers at Cannes. At the back is seen the Queen of Denmark

Sport and General



Sport and General

the world-wide slump, the Argentine remains rich and prosperous, and every article of wear that the Princes put on will be copied, and ordered in bulk from this country.

THE Prince of Wales has done marvellous things for the men's wear industry. It was he who first wore a Fair Isle jersey, and he did it because conditions were very bad in the islands, and he was approached to wear this novelty, with the result that the whole world, both male and female, adopted the fashion, and afterwards the designs were put into tweeds. The Prince also started the Sanquhar stocking fashion in 1919, and to-day it is as big a favourite as it was a year after it was launched. Perhaps his greatest feat, though, was in the wholesale conversion of the Japanese upper classes to plus fours. Probably his visit will have the same effect on the South Americans.

THAT Fritz Kreisler should enjoy "Ever Green," and Igor Stravinsky compose for Jack Hylton's band, is not surprising. Serious artists invariably have a keen appreciation of the "Seven Lively Arts." When, during a recent visit to London, Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, had tea with a friend, the first thing he asked to hear was the Jack Hylton gramophone record of "What is this thing called love." He played it over six times, listening each time with the most concentrated attention, and was very disappointed when he heard that the band itself was not in London at that time.

The Archbishop of York at Oxford, where he gave eight addresses at the University Church on "Christian Faith and Life." His Grace's moving addresses met with great success, and Oxford is, as a result, experiencing a huge Revivalist movement

STOKOWSKI has other unexpected tastes. On the same afternoon he was asked, after tea, whether he would have a cocktail, a whiskey and soda, or some sherry. He refused, but suddenly asked if he might have some port—and drank two glasses of it with every evidence of enjoyment. It is unlikely that the Philadelphia Orchestra will ever play in London. The difficulty of finding a large enough hall with the right acoustic properties is, apparently, insuperable. It is said to be the only symphony orchestra in the world which is run at a profit.

TWO big dances in one week—Lady Granard's and Lady Beauchamp's—is almost a record in these lean days. At neither of them did the hostess have too many guests. This was particularly so at Lady Granard's. Her position

THE LOVELY HOME OF CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

W. F. Taylor

Stansted House, on the borders of Sussex and Hampshire, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Bessborough, the newly appointed Governor-General of Canada. The house, which was built by Lord Scarborough in 1687 and was reconstructed after the destructive fire of 1900, which destroyed the famous Grinling Gibbons carvings, was formerly a seat of the Earls of Arundel

in the social world is such that she can afford to risk the old-fashioned idea that, unless there is an unbearable crush, the evening is not a success. An interesting feature of the dance was that a number of people played bridge in a room adjoining the ballroom.

FRED ASTAIRE has now returned to America, but not before several parties were held for him. One was given "in his aid" by Mr. Edward Tatham, at which there was any number of pretty women—the Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley, on her way to the theatre; Mrs. Peter Thursby, who had just come back from the new dress collections in Paris which she visited with the Marquise de Casa Maury;

Lafayette

Lafayette

Recent photographs of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. The appointment of Lord Bessborough to the Governor-Generalship of Canada is a very popular one

Miss Valerie French, prettier than ever, and Mrs. "Pop" D'Erlanger.

"POP" D'ERLANGER was there too, after a business trip to Portugal, where they are just completing a super-casino outside Lisbon. Here it will be possible to play not only roulette, chemin de fer, trente et quarante, and baccarat, but also French bank, which is a glorified form of dice. Imagine having a whole salle in which to roll dice! However, the stakes will be as high as in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, and it will be easy to lose money faster than you wish.

Lenare

MISS IRIS CORBYN

The only daughter of Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. Corbyn, of Rae Hill House, Ipswich. Her engagement was recently announced to Capt. H. A. Kenyon, M.C., Royal Engineers, the elder son of Major-General L. R. Kenyon and of Mrs. Kenyon, of Valley House, Stratford St. Mary

A WEDDING OF THE WEEK AND TWO BRIDES-TO-BE

Hay Wrightson

MISS MARY NORTHWOOD

Whose engagement to Mr. Richard Bonnycastle, the eldest son of His Honour Judge A. L. Bonnycastle and of Mrs. Bonnycastle, of Dauphin, Manitoba. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Northwood

Peter North

THE HON. SHEILA CARY

The Hon. Sheila Cary, the younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Falkland. Her marriage to Mr. William P. N. Edwards, of Orford, Littlehampton, will take place next month

AT last the long-awaited Nineteenth Club has opened its doors. It did so yesterday in its premises in Brick Street, Park Lane. It is odd that in all these years no one has previously had the idea of starting a small social club with golf as its background. I hope, by the way, that they will arrange somehow that members who have been let down on Friday night by their prospective week-end golf partners will be able to get in touch with other opponents of a similar handicap.

THE most interesting engagement of last week was undoubtedly that of the Hon. Patrick Balfour, who is to marry Sir William Burrell's daughter, Maria, in the near future. Mr. Balfour is a familiar figure at all the smart supper restaurants and dance clubs. Quaglino's, the Café Anglais, and the Café de Paris will particularly miss him. His prospective father-in-law lives in Berwick, and was interested in shipping during the War. To-day he has one of the finest art collections in the country.

THERE are several good turns at supper-time in the West End just now. Marjory Moss and George Fontana are at the Kit-Cat. Marion Harris, with her song "My canary has circles under its eyes," is at the Café de Paris. At Ciro's "That Certain Trio," Patrick Waddington, William Walker, and Peggy Cochrane, are also drawing large crowds.

LORD BARNBY, Master of the Blankney, has returned to Scopwick House, Lincolnshire, after an absence abroad of several months' duration (writes our Hunting Correspondent), and has resumed hunting with his own hounds, of which Lord Londesborough has been in command since the earlier part of the season. Although—in common with the adjoining hunts—sport with the Blankney has been greatly marred by fog, rain, snow, frost and exceptionally heavy going, some real good runs have been scored by this famous pack.

RIDING to hounds in the low-lying portions of the Duke of Rutland's, Quorn, and South Notts countries has of late been more like mudlarking than fox-hunting. Never have I witnessed more floundering in the mire or a greater number of empty saddles than occurred during a recent day's hunting with the Duke's (Belvoir) from their Harlaxton fixture. So infernally boggy was the going at times that horses were, literally, up to and beyond their hocks in it. Indeed, the mounts of such famous horsewomen as Lady Daresbury, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, and Lady Warrender—fit and well again after her nasty fall earlier in the season—were at one time so deep in the slough that they more resembled cattle "cast" in a Galway bog than valuable hunters.

G.P.U.

Sir Joseph Napier, Bart., and Miss Isabel Surtees leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, after their wedding, which took place last week in the War Memorial Chapel. The bride is the younger daughter of Major Siward Surtees, late 2nd Life Guards, of Redworth Hall, Darlington

ANY followers of the Belvoir who managed to escape a fall and a particularly miry habit or coat (according to sex) on that eventful day were lucky. I believe, but cannot vouch for the fact, that Prince Henry was among the well-favoured in this respect. In any case he was out with hounds.

AN interesting fixture in the Riviera golfing season, THE BYSTANDER Foursomes, took place at the Nice Golf Club, Cagnes-sur-Mer. After several days of rather unsettled weather nothing could possibly have been more perfect than the warm spring sunshine and cloudless blue skies which prevailed throughout the three days of the meeting.

TWENTY-EIGHT pairs entered, and after the eliminating rounds eight pairs qualified, and were left to fight their way to victory. It was extremely bad luck that the Aga Khan, who was partnered by Count Adorni, should have failed to qualify, as he was playing much below his game, and was quite unlucky all the time.

THE winners, Mr. J. Quin and Mrs. Vardy, played really sound golf all through, and although they had somewhat of a tight squeeze in the semi-final (where they won only at the nineteenth hole) they carried off the final (in which they played thirty-six holes) by the handsome margin of three and one against Colonel and Mrs. Milner.

THERE was tremendous interest taken in the matches, and altogether it was a very much appreciated event which both the competitors and

A "SPRING DOUBLE" TO BEAT THE BOOK

News Illustrations

Mr. Francis Lennox-Boyd finds that the roof of a car provides an excellent "studio" at the Christ Church Point-to-Point at Oddington near Ruislip. His "sitters" are Lady Georgina Curzon and Miss Paravicini

RACING HINTS

By "OLD ORKNEY"

You might get a little over the present odds—both horses are 16 to 1—and have a first shot at the Spring "Double." The two I fancy at present are LION HEARTED and BALLASPORT. We do know that both horses are very fit. There was excellent sport at the recent Lingfield meeting and I spotted two hurdlers for future speculations. Make a note of RADIO RAY and TETRAVILLE.

MARKINGTON should score over hurdles in the near future. Was quietly backed at 4 to 1 at Haydock Park, and finished second in a field of fifteen.

BOLD BUCCANEER had a big following in his recent contests. Was leading at the final flight at Chelmsford, but on the flat was pegged back to second place.

GAMEFELLOW. I mentioned this hurdler earlier in the season, and he has been placed in two races since. Gave a convincing display at Chelmsford when running second to Sheerness. I am confident he will yet prove a money spinner.

spectators alike seemed to enjoy immensely.

THE Franco-Russian Gala at Cannes was a colossal success, as I had fully anticipated it would be, and there were more celebrities to the square inch than I remember having seen in the Ambassadeurs before, plus the Kings of Sweden and Denmark and the Queen of Denmark, who have been visiting Princess Nicholas of Greece at the Hôtel des Anglais, where she is staying with her daughter, Princess Elisabeth of Greece.

THE news of the recent death of Mr. Antoine Sella, the proprietor of the Grand Hôtel du Cap, at Antibes, came as a profound shock to his many friends. Some forty-three years ago Mr. Sella visited Cap d'Antibes and immediately realised the potentialities of a pleasure resort afforded by this lovely spot, which was then unknown to Riviera visitors. He opened his hotel in its present form in 1888, and, after lean years, in which, despite plenty of cause for despair, his faith in Cap d'Antibes never wavered. It is owing entirely to his courage, perseverance, and vision that it is now one of the most favoured places on the Riviera for all those who swim in the glorious rock-strewn coast of the blue Mediterranean, and the passing of Mr. Sella, who virtually put Cap d'Antibes on the map, is nevertheless a sad blow to his many friends along the Riviera.

Sport and General

Lady Joan Child-Villiers, the elder sister of the Earl of Jersey, and Lord Dunluce at the Christ Church Point-to-Point. Lord Dunluce is the son and heir of the Earl of Antrim

L.N.A.

The Hon. John Pearson, the son and heir of Lord Cowdray, riding to victory on Mr. Switch in the House Grand Challenge Cup in the Christ Church Point-to-Point. He will come of age on February 27, when celebrations will take place at Cowdray Park

IRELAND DEFEATS ENGLAND AT TWICKEN

IRELAND, in the Jubilee match at Twickenham, deserved her victory by 6 points to 5 over England in a strenuous and sporting game. In a pointless first half she was distinctly unlucky not to score as England was pressed constantly and on three occasions had to touch down in self-defence. Yet at one period in the second half England was predominantly on top and was distinctly unfortunate not to score a second time. The "Bystander" representative, who has seen all the Internationals, is of the opinion that on Saturday's form Ireland should defeat both Wales and Scotland.

A general view of the England—Ireland Rugby International, won by Ireland by 6 points to 5. Egan, the Irish full back, punts down the field

Ireland pressing in the first half. Dean (left), the English scrum half, helping to stop a characteristic Irish rush. Mr. A. E. Freethy (Wales), the referee, in foreground. Only three free kicks were awarded in a sporting match

M. Sugden, the Irish captain, in a blind-side move. Dean is waiting to check him. Sugden, at scrum half, played a very fine game

HAM BY ONE POINT—SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

A. C. Harrison, the 19-year-old Hartlepool left-wing, brought down near the Irish line. He is very fast, and fully justified his selection

An English attack—Dean picking up, with Barrington (left) waiting for the pass. The latter was disappointing as stand-off

England's try—B. H. Black (Blackheath), following up a brilliant run by Harrison, gets a try amid loud cheers, and improves it into the major points

BYSTANDER *special photographs by Sport and General*

P. and A.

Queen Victoria (Miss Muriel Barnby) and the Prince Consort (Lieut.-Colonel Auberon Kennard) as they appeared at the Lion Ball at the May Fair Hotel. It was held in aid of the funds of the British Empire Union

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . hello . . . nonsense, of course there must be an answer. . . . Hello . . . hello, Baa . . . at last . . . well, turn the tap off . . . you can't expect me to know the time you have your bath. . . . Does it look nice now it's finished? . . . I've got a perfect passion for amusing bathrooms. . . . Lois Morgan has the loveliest I've ever seen . . . silver with a crystal ceiling. . . . Rosita Forbes . . . or should I say Mrs. McGrath . . . has a black marble bath on three steps with lights hidden behind iron grids. . . . Sylvia Wills has chosen apple green. . . . But I hear Mrs. Edward Baron's dawn-and-sunset bathroom is a dream of beauty, although I haven't seen it yet. . . .

I SAW Olga da Portago off to Spain last week. . . . What a dear she is, and so amusing. . . . She is Irish, you know, and was Mrs. Frank Mackay, widow of the millionaire. She has a most romantic history, and her little son is just eighteen months old. . . . Music halls are now the popular way of spending those "odd" nights in the week when one is too lazy to dress up and not tired enough to go to bed early. . . . Lady Portarlington and her son, Lord Carlow, are devotees and seldom miss the weekly programme. . . . So are Lord and Lady Northesk, whom I saw the other night laughing heartily at Al Trahan at the Palladium. . . . Lady Northesk was wearing one of those new knitted caps with a roll-up brim in black, grey and white, and had pinned it with a diamond and enamel huntsman brooch which was most attractive. . . .

HAVE you heard the laugh about a certain well-known man who is extremely jealous of his beautiful blonde wife? . . . He returned home unexpectedly last week about midnight, let himself into the house with extreme caution . . . to be bitten fiercely by a small fox-terrier which had just arrived as a surprise birthday present for *him* from his loving wife. . . .

* * *

I SAW Lord Elmley the other day hurrying to the House, where he is a most conscientious Liberal whip. . . . He lives in a lighthouse when in Norfolk . . . which sounds rather draughty, but he assured me it was most modern, having central heating and electric light. . . . Lord Elmley used to act as chaperon to his sisters when his time was not so engaged as now . . . waiting for hours to escort them home from debutante dances . . . or driving them about the country to meets or balls in his own little car. . . .

Another devoted brother is Teddy Hulton, who is sharing a house with his sister Betty. . . . It is that delightful little house in Lyall Street which belonged to Lady Poulett. . . However, Teddy and Betty are parted at the moment, as Betty is at Malta with her mother, staying with Lord and Lady Strickland. . . . They write that the weather is heavenly and that they are having a wonderful time of unending gaieties. . . .

* * *

ANOTHER person writing enthusiastically about the sun is Lady Plunket, from Cap d'Ail. She and the family are getting as brown as the proverbial berry, and are already hating the idea of returning here to wind and rain the middle of next month. . . . Dorothé is very keen on keeping fit, which helps her dancing, in which she is so successful, being generally partnered by Mr. Frankie Leveson. . . .

* * *

HAVE you heard about the valentine a certain "lovely" found in the letter box when she returned home in the very early hours of Friday morning? . . . It contained impassioned and adoring sentences on a decorated card, and had neither address nor signature until she discovered a tiny monogram in the corner. . . . She was thrilled, as that was the initial of her very newest young man who was being difficult and pursued by others fairer . . . and—be it whispered—younger. . . . Content, she slept with it against her heart until morning, and the telephone brought denials . . . and tears . . . and the explanation that the valentine was intended as a surprise for the underhousemaid when she dusted the hall. . . .

* * *

DARLING, I must stop now. . . . I'm sure all your beaux are swearing at an engaged line. . . . What's that, you wish you were? Don't be in a hurry. . . . Marry for love, and love where money is. . . . A bientôt!

BY HOUGHTON

"HEAVEN HELP OUR SAILORS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!"

The British fleet has been paying a visit to Villefranche, the French naval station on the Riviera. The Entente Cordiale functioned excellently, as usual

Pola Negri's Beautiful Hands

Exclusive Photographs of the Film Star who has been Appearing on the West End Stage with Great Success

Pola Negri, the famous film "vamp" of the silent screen, has proved by her acting in a dramatic sketch, "Farewell to Love," at the London Coliseum, that her artistic capabilities are by no means limited to the silent film. Studies of the remarkably artistic hands of this actress are seen in the photographs on this page

Photographs specially taken for The Bystander

By Sasha

BY BEAUCHAMP

FILM STAR: "*Yes, my dear—that's a close-up of Henry's great-grandfather who featured at Waterloo*"

If Gossip We Must

THE B.B.C. has come in for a good deal of adverse criticism. Some of it has been deserved, and all of it has been inevitable. I do not like the mutual admiration society of young men, vaguely connected with the theatre, who produce some of the wireless plays, though technical experience of the professional stage they lack almost entirely. I do not like the young musicians who hover about and see that their own works are performed and that they themselves play in public ad nauseam, though there are many with ten times their ability who are outside the fold. I think that someone better equipped than Adrian Boult —worthy fellow though he is—could be found to fill the most influential musical position in the country. On the other hand, there are doubtless plenty of people who disagree with me on all these points.

BUT when we come to the present attitude of the B.B.C. towards party politics we are on more serious and less debatable ground. Here is not a question of likes or dislikes, but of public policy. Now that the B.B.C. has a Labour flavour about its directorate it should be more careful than ever to avoid showing any bias in the direction of the Labour Government. Yet it has just gone out of its way to give a broadcast talk to help along a stunt organised by the *Daily Herald*, which is, to all intents and purposes, a Government organ and a staunch supporter of Labour at all costs—even at the cost of making itself periodically ridiculous. Let the Labour organ run as many stunts as it likes. It is not the business of the B.B.C. to advertise them. The feelings of those who pay for wireless licences when they listen-in to the doings of a journal whose politics they detest may well be imagined. Col. H. D. Lawrence, of the National Citizens' Union, has done well to issue

A quaint quintette seen at the London Sketch Club's Annual manner. The five distinguished-looking gentlemen seen guised as an Armenian who deals in currants, carpets Eastern Pasha, Ernest Moore

Peter North

MARY NEWCOMB

Who plays Kit Kennedy in "Supply and Demand," the play which has succeeded the ill-fated "Colonel Satan" at the Haymarket Theatre. It is the work of Phillip and Aimée Stuart

BY JACK GREENALL

"Yes, it certainly looks modernistic. As a matter of fact, it's our old piano standing sideways!"

Fox Photo

Tramp Night which was recently honoured in customary above are Starr Wood (left), John Hassall, dis- and caustic comments, Harry Riley, as a nearly Near- and Fred Buchanan

an emphatic protest, which I cordially endorse.

IT was a great relief, after staying at Cardiff (whither I had journeyed for the Wales v. Scotland match) at a large, dull, unimaginative, and uncomfortable hotel, where the food was poor, with, apparently, no one to direct it, and where each guest is regarded merely as a bill-paying number, to find something very different when motoring back. I refer to the Hind's Head, at Bray, run by Barry Neame. That this place is picturesque and attracts many interesting people who know what is what in the way of comfort and luxury—Lady Louis Mountbatten, for instance, and the Milford Havens among them—is a not unimportant point. What is rather more important is the excellence of the food and drink. This you can couple with the positively radiant personality of mine host. A roast turkey or duck, followed by vintage port, all in the cheeriest of surroundings, go some way towards making one forget a sky as black as income tax.

AS a matter of fact, catering on the road generally in England is on the up-grade, and the more encouragement it receives the better. That is why I have no hesitation when, in the course of my travels, I find honest treatment, whether in a large hotel or in a village pub., in not only making a note of the fact, but in giving the name of the place, for all whom it may concern. A few days ago, for instance, I went to a remote part of Essex to see Colville Hall. Colville Hall, built in 1492 and absolutely unspoiled, was, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the seat of a family of baronets named Everard. After years of semi-decay it is now being restored.

Sasha

Baroness Lili Hohenburg, a newcomer to the English stage, who is playing the leading part in "The Gay Princess," the new musical farce produced at the Kingsway Theatre last Thursday. She is well known on the Continental stage, where she has appeared in many plays, including "The Circle of Chalk" and "The Beggar's Opera"

BUT inspecting Tudor houses makes the inner man in need of restorative also. So to the White Lion, at the neighbouring little town of Sawbridgeworth, when I did find (as Pepys would say) the best roast beef I ever did taste, an apple tart, an English cheddar, and, wonderful to relate, good black coffee. Lunch for two, and also lunch for the chauffeur, a bottle of burgundy and liqueurs, cost well under a sovereign. Food "on the road" in England is far better than unpatriotic people are apt to make out. Americans motoring about our counties next summer (if we have a summer and they have any money) please note.

WHETHER you consider Sir Harry Lauder the greatest variety artist the world has ever seen, or whether he sends you straight to the bar, to remain there until the next number goes up, no one can deny that he can get himself talked about and can gather round himself a vast number of friends and admirers. Like the late General Booth, the Founder of the Salvation Army, Sir Harry periodically sets out for a sort of missionary tour—he's on one now—and before he goes a bundle of Scots and near-Scots assemble to toast him wi' a wee drappie before he gangs awa', and all that sort of thing. The lunch party which "Wullie" Blackwood organised for "Lodder" (as he calls him) the other

SHORT AND NEAT

The latest "lion" to be captured by the New York intelligentsia is Ogden Nash, the twenty-nine-year-old poet, whose short, scoffing verses about well-known people are all the rage. If he transferred his activities to this country we might find our papers filled with comments like the following:

TALKING OF DRAMATIC CRITICS

Do Hannen Swaffers
Fill their coffers
By being scoffers?

If French words were barred by the Sunday press
James Agate would be in a terrible mess!

POINTS OF VIEW

Winston Churchill would take
A very firm stand in re India.
But I'm sorry to say
That Baldwin each day
Appears to get windier and windier.

TO A LEADING LADY

They say you are heartless,
But on the whole
The part is greater
Than the soul.

A NOTE OF OPERA

What though Tommy Beecham
Has had many hard knocks?
He still thinks that opera's
Worth a guinea a box.

TO A SCULPTOR

Although the critics may be wrong,
It's true
They will not sing the Ep-Stein Song
To you! *B. W.*

day was a most emphatic success, and financial jests of a peculiarly Caledonian and pawky variety flew about like machine-gun bullets on the Ypres sector.

It reminded me of the old triangular duels of chaff between Sir Harry, the late Lord Dewar, and Sir Thomas Lipton to hear a telegram read out from the last-named wishing the comedian good luck and declaring that he would have come all the way from Cannes if only someone had stood him the fare. A very Cannes-y Scot! Everything was very pleasant and friendly, and the joke was carried on some days later, when it was announced that Sir Harry, who was the host, had actually set sail without settling the bill.

I wonder how long it will be before the Scots, a singularly clever, if hairy, tribe, and by no means devoid of a sense of humour, get tired of all this elaborate gibing about Scots' meanness and the carefulness about money matters that is traditionally held to exist north of the Tweed. If there is any foundation for it in fact, I must confess it has eluded me. Most Scots I know are exceedingly generous, and most embarrassingly hospitable.

What, in the shop windows, does one look at most eagerly during a walk down Bond Street? It is a matter of temperament and individual taste, of course. I knew an Irish baronet, a mighty feeder, who always regretted that there are no butchers' shops in that fashionable thoroughfare; he used to haunt the streets where there *are* butchers, and come home and tell his wife that he had seen a wonderful leg of mutton in ——'s window—and such a bargain! —much in the same way that a woman will rave about a perfect duck of a hat at the Maison Robbery and buy an ugly thing she doesn't want just because she imagines that it is cheap.

Women, I suppose, gaze at the jewellers' shops and guess what fun it must be to be rich enough, or immoral enough (or both), to wear diamond and emerald bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. I have, I'm afraid, wasted precious minutes with my nose pressed enviously against a window behind which are piled some exquisite specimens of Georgian silver which no one ever seems to buy.

Fox Photo

Five of the Dickensian Tabard Players, who commemorated the anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens by giving a performance of "Oliver Twist" in the courtyard of the George Inn in the Borough. Fagin, Oliver Twist, Bill Sikes, Nancy and the Artful Dodger are seen outside the inn, which was the meeting-place of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller

But the other day I found quite a new type of shop-gazing crowd

Central Press

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

Mr. Ernest Thesiger, the well-known actor, in the clever character-study he employed at the recent Lion Ball at the May Fair Hotel

Marcelle Luzzatto, the young German actress who is to appear in a West End revue. She and Ilse Bois are the only two German actresses to be starred here since the War

Keystone

"Look here, my good man. Can
"Not wivaht walking abaht.

Fox Photo

Oliver Twist, Nancy, the Artful Dodger, Fagin and Bill Sikes as represented by the Dickensian Tabard Players. The Mayor and Councillors were present at the performance of "Oliver Twist" in the courtyard of the George Inn, Borough High Street, given in honour of the memory of Charles Dickens, who was born in the February of 1812

in Bond Street. They were staring at bath-room fittings. I must admit that these were rather fascinating. How would you fancy a pink marble bath with onyx taps? Or a bath of what looked like green jade, with gadgets of glistening silver? There were towel-rails of curiously cut glass, and even a weighing-machine—we are most of us diet-mad and weight-mad nowadays—was a thing of beauty.

After all, this intense and intensive interest in the bath-room is a good sign. We spend a lot of time in the bath-room (or should), and there is no reason why it should not have its points artistically as well as hygienically. The Romans knew a thing or two, and they made their baths beautiful as well as useful.

By Bertram Prance

you watch someone else play?"
can't I"

THE theatrical slump is still with us. Very few plays are paying their way, and many end their career, quickly if not ignominiously, after less than a week. It is obvious that the main remedy is to have better plays, though that is not a remedy that one can apply as easily as putting on a poultice or taking a couple of aspirins. Another one, which is not so difficult, is to have longer plays. Many will dispute this, but I am convinced of the truth of it. I do not mean plays as long and as silly as *Strange Interlude*. But it is asking for trouble when the whole time that the curtain is up is under an hour and a half.

PEOPLE do not consider that they are receiving true value for money when, in return for the high price of a theatre seat, they receive, in non-musical plays, three acts of about five-and-twenty minutes apiece, padded out with a couple of musical intermusicisms by an indifferent orchestra, each lasting at least a quarter of an hour. Frankly, this isn't good enough for the playgoer who pays for his seat in stall, circle, or pit. The cinemas believe in quantity and they are right. Sometimes they even go so far as to give quality as well.

Photopress

Chita, whose acrobatic dancing is one of the big hits of "Ever Green" at the Adelphi Theatre, in a pose that is even more difficult than it is graceful. Between shows she is sitting to Lady Hilton Young, the famous sculptor

The Judgment of Paris

On New Summer Modes

By Blanche B. Elliott

RATHER like the tense and excited pause before a big race is the thrill that precedes the dress openings of the famous couturiers. And here in Paris now the fashions for the coming spring and summer are being launched. Nothing seems to dim the burning interest in this all-important subject or the keen desire to know what So-and-so of the Big Six is doing. In the exquisitely pale-toned and superheated rooms sit crowded, row upon row, the buyers of the world, who pass judgment upon the models displayed before them. Slim mannequins pose with practised artistry in trailing drapery or neat suit, treading as delicately as prancing racehorses themselves; then slither past in quick and confusing succession.

CLAMOROUS headliners are hard at it with sharpened pencils and noses ready to ferret out sensational tit-bits. But they are to be doomed to disappointment, for there is little to cavil at. Few screaming thrills, but a judicious toning down of any eccentricities, a quiet settling into the acceptance of the new mode so recently and dramatically established, and a greater attention to the subtle details and formalities of dress beloved of the true elegant.

THE important question of the dress length has been ideally solved. Practical modern woman has once again shown her good sense and good taste, and has preferred the just-off-the-ground model for evening, ankle length for dancing, and to the slipper tops for grande tenue. Afternoon frocks vary a little, but are still long, while many show a slightly shorter skirt for morning or sports wear. Here, again, it is individual taste that decides, and a really short model gives one a sense of shock and looks queerly out of place to eyes grown accustomed to the longer length. While styles on the whole are seemingly more simple, the little frocks are actually most intricate in cut, and are created to baffle the small dressmaker and copyist.

A charming Paris model by Hartnell in palest shimmering green tulle, embroidered in sequins, with a full tulle flounce springing from the knee. *Model Hartnell*

THE slim-hipped silhouette has triumphed once again, and every trick of the couturier's art is used. By cunning seaming, shaped bands and stitching, the hips are moulded to just above the knee, whence the skirt escapes in fullness of bias, pleats or frills. The waistline is generally normal as to place and size, dipping slightly at the back, with a tendency to blouse above it. Back décolletages go to the waist, or are rounded out just above it. Again, it is a "question de goût," or, rather, of the beauty of the backbone. There is less of the Directoire, and the full bouffant skirt, when seen, is chiefly confined to the ingénue type. Never were frocks so delightfully wearable, and never did they give greater scope for individuality in their wearers.

THUS, though the silhouette has changed but little, colours show a greater diversity and range, from soft, subdued shades to the brilliant and vivid in sharp contrast. As always in Paris, there is a great deal of black. Delicious little black afternoon frocks made with dressmaker touches of tucks, seams and pleats are invariably lightened with lingerie. There is place once more for the clever needlewoman. Black is also shown for the evening in what always appears to be the loveliest models. Patou favours opaline green and yellow—lovely colours that herald the sun and towards which one instinctively turns,

Demure yet coquettish is this new shaped black straw with its touch of white flowers and a bow of straw. Eminently becoming, the new brims envelop the face in a becoming halo. Model Mado

THE WORLD OF FASHION

Miss Blanche B. Elliott, who has a wide and extensive knowledge of the World of Fashion, where she is very well known, is resuming her articles on dress in the "Bystander." In these pages she will discuss all that is the very latest in fashions, and will describe the creations of outstanding interest and importance as they emanate from the salons of the leading Paris couturiers, whose names are world-famous

while blue, particularly all shades of lapis, are favoured both for day and evening. Yellow, black, and white combine successfully—often with a dash of orange, as do red, white, and navy, while bright red is used for many models.

CHIEFLY for evening wear, there is a new range of indefinable shades of pale putty, sometimes more smoky in tinge, sometimes more rosy—a colour to which beige cannot be said to apply. The efforts made to describe them on the spot by a mere male onlooker was that of a "weak whisky and soda," and of a poet "a sunset on the desert sand." Straw is probably the nearest description, but these shades were variously shown in lace, chiffon, satin, or dull, filmy, crisp organdie.

MATERIALS are interesting. A new one called "peau d'ange" attracted much attention, looking like dull kid on one side and shiny satin on the other. Jerseys are back in favour for stunning and novel little tunic jumpers and sports suits; for evening, hard, shiny satins, laces of all kinds, including wool lace, chiffons, bilitis, the new Senelic, lovely sheer crêpe de laines shown chiefly by Molyneux, and quite a quantity of our old favourite chiffon or mousseline de soie, plain and printed, without which we apparently cannot exist in the summer. Lovely and diverse models were shown in this material, which even reproduction in the cheapest kind cannot kill, but which merely calls forth greater beauty of design and exclusively exotic colourings.

COATS are chiefly short and either sac in shape or belted and close fitting. The very short coat is the evening's preferred choice, though a few long ones were also shown—those for day wear being collarless. Sleeves are eccentric. The short sleeve is established for day wear, and Elizabethan puffs appear at and above the elbow of the long sleeve. Also they are cut, slashed, and shaped in the greatest diversity of outline. Scarves assume an enormous importance for day and evening, and the long and gauntlet glove has come to stay.

HATS are more formal. Many are trimmed, and a real effort is being made to banish the beret. At the moment every woman is wearing a close-fitting turban far back, with a fine veil over the forehead and above the eyebrows, chiefly to keep the disclosed hair tidy and cover a brow of whose wrinkles they appear suddenly to have become aware. Thus is a brief outline from your fashion chronicler, to which she will add further week by week.

B. B. E.

"Together I feel we might start up something so I'd never have an overdraft again"

SOFTLY AS ON A BANKER'S BOSOM

The Manager, Connaught Bank, Westminster Branch, S.W.1.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 11th inst. to hand. I'll say it's to hand all right. The Clutching Hand I call it. Honestly, when I got that letter I just crumpled. Is this really your last word? Are you really going to foreclose on my estate unless the £300 is repaid? I can't believe you're so heartless. Can't you let the common spark of humanity ignite within your bosom—the Bank's I mean—and extend the overdraft until September?—Yours truly, ROSIE BACK.

Miss R. Back, South Eaton Place, S.W.1.

DEAR MADAM,—With reference to your letter of even date we must repeat that unless you find some means of reducing this overdraft of £323 3s. 4d. by at least £100 before March 1 we shall reluctantly be compelled to realise your securities. I am, Yours faithfully, ED. BRIGHT, MANAGER.

The Manager, Connaught Bank.

DEAR MR. BRIGHT,—To say I am dismayed by your letter would just be a lie. I'm distraught. Really, I am. And only three weeks to March. What am I to do? And, please, what do you mean by "finding some means of reducing your overdraft"? Of course, I do know several friends who would only be too willing to lend me a £100, but I have my reputation to keep just as the Bank has, and I feel that you and the Bank wouldn't want me to do anything we might all regret.—Yours sincerely, ROSIE BACK.

The Manager, Connaught Bank.

DEAR EDDIE,—You don't mind my calling you that, do you? After all, we've been in correspondence for so long.

I've had a look for other securities as you suggest, and after seeing your Bank's Annual Balance-sheet I thought I'd put them down like this:—

LIABILITIES			ASSETS	
Capital	£323 3 4		Coin, Bank Notes and Balances in Purse	£3 4 7
Issued: All of it.			Money at Call and Short Notice	£3 4 7
Profit and Loss as Annexed	£14,703 16 10		Advances to Friends	£10 5 6
			Bad and Doubtful Debts	£10 5 6
			Half share 10/- Ticket Irish Sweep; Value £30,000 say	£15,000 0 0
	£15,027 0 2			£15,027 0 2

So instead of an overdraft I have a profit of £14,703 16s. 10d., which really isn't so bad. I presume this will settle everything now, and I needn't bother about a friend for the £100. Anyway, I'm going over to Paris for a few days on the strength of my "Assets."—Yours always, ROSIE BACK.

Miss R. Back, South Eaton Place, S.W.1.

DEAR MADAM,—We regret we are totally unable to accept the credits as set forth by you in your letter of the 20th inst. —I am, Yours faithfully, ED. BRIGHT, MANAGER.

The Manager, Connaught Bank.

Oh! Eddie! Really! You let me come all the way to Paris and then you start that threatening stuff again. It's not fair, Eddie. I was at a party last night, and they all said it wasn't fair, but I wish you'd been there, Eddie, really I do. I think for the sake of your health you ought to have been there. It isn't good for you always to be stuck amongst a lot of figures. £ s. d. aren't the only figures you ought to meet after 4 o'clock. How about us going out some time, Eddie? It wouldn't cost you anything, because I see on your Bank's balance-sheet they allow £17,814,551 19s. 6d. for "Engagements on Account of Customers," which reads as if you had an awful lot of philandering jilters on your staff. But I wouldn't take you seriously, Eddie. No, we'd just have a good time and everything. Then, maybe, you could put the £300 down to "Engagements," and March 1 could come and go and I wouldn't even know it. Come on, Eddie, show a heart and call off the bloodhounds.—Yours, ROSIE BACK.

P.S.—If my spelling's a bit funny, just don't take any notice. It's the Marseillaise they played at the party. I just can't get it out of my head.

Miss R. Back, Hotel Ritz, Paris, France.

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your letter dated from Paris, the 27th inst., we regret we are unable to alter the decision communicated to you on the 11th of this month.—I am, Yours faithfully, ED. BRIGHT, MANAGER.

MANAGER, CONNAUGHT BANK, CONNAUGHT, LONDON.—IMPLORE YOU SUSPEND ACTION TILL RETURN STOP AM DESPERATE STOP FRIEND OFFERS 100 ON ONE CONDITION STOP IMPOSSIBLE ACCEPT STOP DO HELP STOP LOVE—BACK.

Miss R. Back, South Eaton Place, S.W.1.

DEAR MADAM,—We are in receipt of your telegram and have awaited confirmation of your return. As this has not been forthcoming we are compelled to foreclose on your securities without further notice.—I am, Yours faithfully, ED. BRIGHT, MANAGER.

The Manager, Connaught Bank.

Eddie! You can't! You really can't! I'm sorry I didn't let you know I was back, but, honestly, I hardly knew it myself. Of course, I can let you have the money, several friends are only waiting to give it me, but you know what it means if they do. . . . Please, Eddie, don't leave me at their mercy! Or, if I must be at somebody's mercy I'd rather be at your's, Eddie.—Yours desperately, ROSIE BACK.

Miss R. Back, South Eaton Place, S.W.1.

DEAR MADAM,—In view of the exceptional circumstances obtaining in your case I have so far persuaded our Head Office as to sanction an extension of your overdraft for another month, that is, until April 1.—I am, Yours faithfully, ED. BRIGHT, MANAGER.

The Manager, Connaught Bank.

Eddie! You're wonderful! If I could make this letter get up and kiss you I would. And just because I want the world to know how grand you and the Bank have been I'd like to forward our correspondence to the Press. I hope you won't mind.—Yours, ROSIE BACK.

P.S.—Do come around some time. Together I feel we might start up something so I'd never have an overdraft again.

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BY ICART

"LA JOIE DE VIVRE"

THE MORRIS OXFORD SIX

A FINE LINED, BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED, FULLY EQUIPPED AND EXCEPTIONALLY SMOOTH SIX-CYLINDER CAR OF HIGH PERFORMANCE AND GREAT RELIABILITY

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GRETA GARBO

The famous film star whose "talkie" début in "Anna Christie" some time ago divided the critics into two camps, some claiming that she was much more suited to silent films whilst others maintained that her voice added to her charm. She will shortly be seen in the West End in a new "talkie," "Inspiration," a film directed by Clarence Brown with a story dealing with life in the Paris of to-day

SUCCESSFUL SHOWS OF THE

The Duchess of Tann (Yvonne Arnaud), the fascinating chère amie of King Augustus X, lends a willing ear to Senator Bernard J. Corcoran (Hartley Power), who greatly envies the royal lover, in a scene from James B. Fagan's witty and sophisticated play, "The Improper Duchess," at the Globe Theatre

King Augustus X of Poldavia (Frank Cellier) in a worried mood on his business visit to America. The Duchess of Tann (Yvonne Arnaud) seeks to smooth the royal brow in another scene from "The Improper Duchess," at the Globe Theatre

Greta (Jeanne Stuart) and her lover, Ralph (Robert Douglas), in a scene from "After All," the discussion comedy by John van Druten which is playing to crowded houses at the Criterion Theatre

Tann (Yvo
King (Fra
Baron Ken
watch, with
Count
Cochrane)
in an imp
conversatio
"The Imp
at the

HOUR PICTORIALLY DEPICTED

Kenneth Kove (left), a detective of parts, Jean Colin, and Roy Royston (right) watch the efforts of George Clarke to escape in pyjamas whilst pretending to be a sleep-walker in a scene from "Blue Roses," the musical comedy at the Gaiety. Seen on the left and right of the photograph are Jean Colin and Vera Bryer, two young people who do much to make this bright play the success it is

Big Business in progress. . The Duchess of (Yvonne Arnaud), the (Frank Cellier), and Kemp (Eugene Leahy) with mixed emotions, t Seidel (Frank ane) busily engaged important telephone sation in a scene from Improper Duchess," the Globe Theatre

Another scene from "After All," at the Criterion Theatre. Mrs. Thomas (Lilian Braithwaite), Phyl (Madeleine Carroll), and Duff Wilson (Martin Lewis) take a cocktail

GRIZELDA HERVEY:

Two Studies of a Clever Young Actress

Specially photographed for "The Bystander" *By Dudley Glanfield*

Grizelda Hervey, one of our most charming young actresses, who is playing in "Good Losers," the new play written by Michael Arlen and Walter S. Hackett which opened at the Whitehall Theatre last Saturday. Since her first appearance in the West End in 1921 she has come rapidly to the fore in the world of the Theatre

Player's Please

I always smoke them

GUINNESS

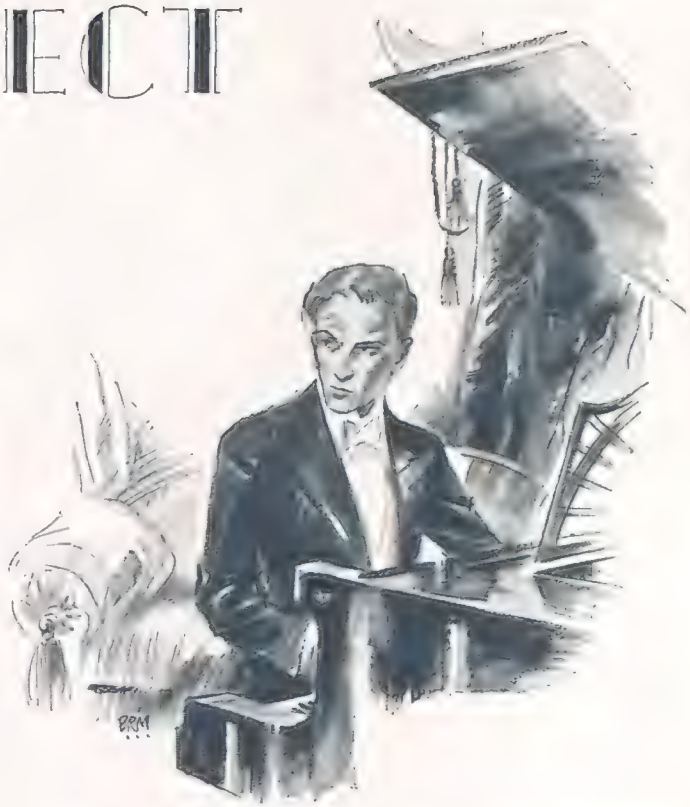
brings the OYSTERS out of their shells

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E. 158

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE PERFECT LADY

BY URSULA BLOOM

When your marriage has gone to pieces it is better to admit the truth than to try to abide by the lie. That was how Dinah felt. Dinah, sitting in the flat swung above Soho, with the drone of Shaftesbury Avenue buses and the hum of traffic like giant bees zooming below. Dinah, who had married Ron just one year before and who had come to this doll's house of a flat so full of enthusiasms. Funny things enthusiasms! She thought about them whimsically; they snap, they are brittle, they break so easily. Dinah's had broken.

A year ago it had been a doll's house. The one big room, gold parquet, gold net curtains, a divan in gold with an impertinent pierrot doll lolling on it. Beyond the kitchen, the bathroom, crystal glass and porcelain; the bedroom, orchid taffeta and Cluny! Then it had been a doll's house, now it was just mess. She had cared for it, finnicked in it, taken a housewifely interest in it, and it had demanded too great a toll of her. She was sick of it.

Ron played the piano professionally; she knew that he played perfectly, but his perfection was galling. He was Bach and Wagner where she was just jazz and froth. His profundities were irritating. In temperament he was imperturbable; he had not her gay little actress-emotional heart. He did not understand her world. He had never served his apprenticeship in musical comedy. . . . "Now then, young ladies, let's have it again. Put a little pep into it this time! One, two, three, four; step out, please, young ladies." . . . Vic Grierson producing! How that man put you through it! Yet it had been through Vic that Dinah had learnt everything. Vic, who made overtures to you, held you by his cynical smile and his wicked eyes. Vic, rather like Menjou, alluring yet contemptuous. She had been full of her career in those days, career-crazed! Dinah, with her hair like yellow silk, and her face like warm apricots, and her eyes like the shallows of a spring-sweet river. Shallows? Perhaps she was a little bit shallow, but Ron had stirred beneath that; Ron had won her.

She had thought it rather wonderful that anyone with so great a mind, and who was well born, should care for her. They had met in a Bohemian tea-shop called Sandy's Studio, where they went every Saturday. Sandy's Studio was really a cellar, with ingle-nooks into which you could curl.

"Just made for people in love," said Ron.

"For you and for me," she nodded.

Ingle-nooks, piles of cushions, and the new up-rushing emotion thrilling them. That had been Sandy's Studio. She had been carried along by Ron, and it had possessed her. But now after a year of marriage she felt that he patronised her. His music was above her. He knew all the superior people who understood that kind of music. Benjoff, the great violinist; Lalith, who played the 'cello. She believed them to be contemptuous of her ignorance, stuck up, too grand! She despised the perfection of Lalith, with her slots of eyes and her hair with never a wave or curl, a black satin cap about her shapely head. "Dry sticks," she thought them; "no pep, and superior." She was nostalgic for a little good vulgarity.

She had thrown up her career to marry Ron; to come here to the doll's house, orchid taffeta, Cluny, gold net and the pierrot in black. What a mistake! What a ghastly mistake! At first it had been fun living in a smug security, somebody's wife, somebody of importance; but now. . . .

She was sick to death of Ron's highbrow concerts, at which old ladies applauded and young ladies looked sickly. They might be rich, but what was the good of riches if you could not spend them as you wished? Fugue, Barcarole, Rhapsody! Ron and his eternal playing. He might be a genius—he probably was—but what about her? What about her career? *"Now, then, young ladies, more pep there, please; more pep; step out."* She did not want to be his insignificant wife; she wanted to be somebody herself. They quarrelled, too. She hated herself for it, but they jangled. Once she had left him for a whole week, but had returned because she could think of nothing else to do. He annoyed her with his superb calm. You cannot ruffle that type of breeding. "One good row and we'd understand each other," Dinah told herself; but it takes two to make a quarrel. The truth was that his very gentlemanliness was infuriating.

Things had got to a pitch when she met Vic Grierson. She met him at the Café Folie one day when she was lunching there alone. She saw his face nodding to her over carnations and smilax in a silver bowl. He lifted a wine-glass and smiled to her across its crystal circle. He was more Menjou-like than ever.

"Here's luck," he said.

Then he must have recognised the boredom in her eyes, the disdainful droop of her mouth; he came across to her and sat down beside her. "And how is marriage treating little Dinah?" he inquired.

Dinah knew that he was common, that he wore a vulgar tie, and that his eyes were wicked, but somehow she found the wickedness intriguing. She said, "Marriage is treating little Dinah just like the North Pole would treat a hot-water bottle," and she laughed in a bitter way at the joke.

They chatted over the table with its white napery and its elaborate bowl of fruit; plushy apricots, warm flesh of peaches. Vic was giving himself a special spread in honour of a new play.

"Come back to the stage," said Vic; "come back. I've

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got a job that I could offer you in the *Kiss-me-quick-Girl*. A shame to throw up a good career for—well, boredom! That's what it is, isn't it?"

To her own everlasting shame she nodded. "Perhaps," she said. She would not give him an answer then. No, she said that she would think it over.

"He isn't your type. You ought never to have chucked up a promising career for such a marriage," urged Vic. "Come back to it! I've lots to offer you." And he smiled one of those inscrutable smiles of his.

In her heart she thought of it as an ultimatum. Her career against Ron's. She debated on it. It was unfortunate that she introduced the subject at such a bad moment. Ron had come home tired out with his concert; Dinah took the tiredness for aloofness and grandeur. It seemed to her fancy that this career of his was forming more and more of a barrier between them.

"I've been offered a 'shop,'" she said, and thrummed the great gold cushions of the divan imperiously.

"Oh, and what better job could a little lady have than that of being my wife?" he asked; his eyes were teasing. He treated her as a baby, and she did not want to be treated as a baby, but as a personality. Visions of the *Kiss-me-quick-Girl* glittered before her.

"It's with Vic in the *Kiss-me-quick Girl*," she retorted, "and I am thinking of accepting it."

"You'll do nothing of the sort."

"Why not?" she demanded passionately. "Why shouldn't I have a career as well as you? You think yours is the only career in the whole world. It's so selfish of you."

"I don't want you with a lot of cheap actors. You'd never get outside the chorus. They're vulgar. They aren't the proper companions for you."

"Bosh!" said she, and now the idea took form in her brain, a tangible form. She seized upon this as a chance to bring Ron to his knees, to make him appreciate her as something more than a mere babe, plaything, doll-wife. To cut through that coolly glittering veneer of his.

He put out a hand, as if to mollify her, and stroked her head with his exquisite fingers. "You are going to stay here," he said.

"I am just as entitled to my career as you are. It is just as much to me."

"But not that career, my lamb. Why, you couldn't act. You couldn't sing. You were just the average, and the average never gets very far."

"Supposing I said that I meant to have my own way?" she flashed, stung to fury.

"Supposing I would not allow it?"

They stared at one another across the room; when they spoke the words stabbed; they were bitter, sharp.

"If you go," he said, "it means the end."

"And perhaps that is not a bad thing. I believe a divorce can go through in eight months. I presume you'd let me divorce you?"

She had not meant him to take it seriously, but he took it with that chilly and superior calm of his. "I hope I am a gentleman," he said coldly.

"Very well, then, I *will* divorce you." She was ashamed of the things that she said then; vituperative, seething, hot words stung to fury by his coolness. Just as she flung herself out of the door he said as an after-thought of no possible importance:

"And if you change your mind and want me back, remember you have only to send for me. I shall come."

"I shan't want you back!" she vowed.

She would show Ron what she meant. She would show him what she could do. She was determined now to climb to the top of the tree, the very tree that he had said she could not possibly scale. Dinah took the part. She was yearning for the smell of grease paint again, for the hubbub of the dressing-room, for the old passages-at-arms with a wardrobe mistress. She was eager for the joyous disorder of it once more. Yet all the while she meant to take Ron back in the end. In her own strange way she loved him, only if they were ever to be happy together they must arrive at a definite understanding.

In a year you can forget a lot of things. She had forgotten too many for her own comfort. Either her memory had cheated her, or life had never been really quite so joyous. Memory has a tricky habit of trimming facts; it sets the parsley on the cold joint of domesticity and leaves you sighing for the good old times when

"Now what about getting things fixed, Dinah?"
"I think 'fums up,'" said she
"Good! When shall it be?"

in reality they never were good old times at all! She had forgotten the drudgery, the insistence of Mr. Lund, the backer, the long rehearsals, and the dreadful repetition of dances with the producer thumping before you. . . . *"Now then, young ladies, let's have it again. Put a little pep into it this time. One, two, three, four."* . . . She had forgotten the discomfort of diggings, of late hours, and tiredness drowning you like the waves of a sea.

Ron wrote to her protesting, but she set the divorce going. He wrote again reminding her that if ever she wanted him she had only to say so. But Dinah had got the bit between her teeth, and now she felt that her pride urged her forward. The divorce was undefended. Ron tried to see her, but she was out. She had decided that he should learn his lesson. She would blaze up as a star; she would surprise the world, and then condescendingly she would stoop to forgive Ron. The divorce gave her a martyrish feeling. After this there would be no more of the plaything of a wife, no more domesticity, but a new attitude. She was bruised by pique.

"You ought to have married me," said Vic, between the hustle of rehearsals. "Perhaps you will when the divorce is through."

"If it ever goes through," said Dinah.

"Little goose! He didn't care for you properly. He was much too serious for you; you want youth, love, a little of the froth, of the fun . . ."

"Do I?" asked Dinah; she wasn't quite so sure about it, now.

The play was produced. She had an idea that Ron would be there for the first night; he would have a box; but Ron was not there. He was giving a highbrow concert the other side of London.

In her heart she resented the fact, for she felt that he ought to have come. If he had loved her he would have come. Perhaps their worlds were wide apart, he to his Grieg and Bach, she to her *Kiss-me-quick Girl!* Never mind, she would teach him about that when he read the reviews in the morning.

Just before the show there came a single green orchid for her in a silver box. She took out the exquisite flower, and with it the card, which read, "From Ron, and when you want me. . . ." She thought of orchid taffeta and Cluny, of the fragrant intimacy of that room where they had kissed and clung, and the memory hurt. Vic came up.

"Well, it may bring you luck," he said, "though I never fancy the flowers myself. Give me a good old red rose any day."

Orchids and roses! Sophistication or commonplace. It rather typified the two of them, she thought.

The play went badly. She supposed that it must be a stupid play, but somehow it did not swing along. Gradually the feeling of boredom penetrated from audience to actors. Dinah began to see that all the rotten little songs that she was singing were really rotten little songs. She was not getting them across.

NEXT morning she was frankly afraid to read the criticisms that praised her too faintly; they said that she would not go far; they were candid about her. They mentioned Ron's concert, commented that he was her husband, and in between the comments were the pricking barbs of suggestion that the marriage was a failure. They alluded to that certain Lalith Stern, the famous 'cellist. . . . Lalith, with her slotted eyes and her gleaming hair! Dinah, hiding her face and weeping, knew that she was a failure; it burnt like an anguished flame within her.

At rehearsal Vic came across the stage.

"Mr. Lund has an idea," he said. "I don't know what you will think, but Josie Romoff is here. He wants her to take over your part—believes that she would make a success of it."

"Josie Romoff?" gulped Dinah.

"The management will give you a sum down. You won't lose by it. If you'd like a chorus job pro tem., there's something going in *The Daffodil Girl.*"

"I?" she demanded hotly. To go back to the chorus, to admitted defeat! *"Now then, young ladies, more pep, please. Step out. One, two, three, four. . . ."*

She prayed for Josie to make a failure of the part, but next day the papers squashed that idea. Josie was a success. It just showed, they explained, what a really first-class actress could do.

"It's a shame, dear," said Vic, who was sympathetic, "but there you are. Luck was against you. Now what are you going to do next?"

"There is that stupid divorce," said Dinah.

"When it is through you'll have to marry me! We understand the same things. We are used to the life. The glamour of the stage sticks, you know. You can't escape it. You are mine, and I am yours. Now what about it?"

"I am not at all sure what about it," said Dinah solemnly.

She was remembering the promise. . . . "Remember, you have only to send for me; I shall come." . . . She did want him. Dinah was learning a lot of things, and very quickly. You cannot marry a gentleman without becoming a little less vulgar. She had raved against his superb coolness, against his calm, and the orderliness of his flat, and the friends, courtly Benjoff, Lalith, who was a perfect lady; but now she knew that she wanted it all over again. Vic might be Menjou, he might be a dear, but somehow he struck her as being a little overblown. Yes, that was the difference, orchid and rose.

ANGELA BADDELEY *Mabel Robey*

Who has added further to her already big reputation by her performance as Mary Barton in "To Account Rendered." This play is keeping the "House Full" boards in constant use at the New Theatre

Dinah encouraged the nostalgic longing for Ron, even though her decree nisi was pending. She wanted him again. Ron leaning over his beloved piano, drawing from it quivering arpeggios of sound. Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor. Ron dwelling on it, loving it. How it would shiver through the room, moonlight on water, trickling, tinkling water, trembling cascades of it in a silver curtain of waterfall! Ron was genius. Now, seeing herself shallow as she really was, she wondered how he had ever come to love her His music was inspired. She admitted that she preferred a tune, but she knew that his was high art, and that high art does not have tunes. It has sound spattered into space. There is a big difference.

She wondered if she should try to meet him accidentally or attend one of his concerts. Finally, in desperation she wrote to him. She wrote, on a cheaply scented paper, an abrupt, Dinah-ish note:

> Dear Ron,—You did promise me, and I want to be forgiven and to start all over again. I am not giving you this address, because these rooms are not nice. We used to have tea in Sandy's studio. Ron, I'll be there to-morrow. Please don't forget your little Dinah.

She sealed it in a panic, almost fearful of posting it; she sent it off in a hurry. She was eager for the morrow that would wipe out the mistake. She had been a little fool, a vulgar little fool, and now suddenly she saw values and true worth, and was ashamed of the shams within herself. She went on and out to tea at one of the multiple shops, sparkling with clean napery, too white silver, and smelling of stewed tea and cream buns and bargain basements. Vic was coming after his rehearsal, and she was going to tell him about Ron. At the same table there were two old ladies having tea, and they carried with them a programme from a concert. On the cover she could see Ron's picture. She felt a sudden childish craving to talk about him. Becoming friendly with them over passing the sugar, she had to ask what they had thought of his concert. The two old ladies were immediately communicative. It had been delightful, they said; they had watched Ron through all his career, and now he had improved tremendously.

"Ever since he had this affair," said one old lady, nodding.

"What affair?" asked Dinah, and she felt the odd pelting sensation in her heart which signified panic.

"Why, didn't you know?" The dear old ladies were delighted at being informative. "He married, you know, a common little actress, and she dragged him down. His music went off dreadfully. Luckily she ran away, and there has been a divorce, and for some time now he has been very friendly with that marvellous Lalith Stern, the 'cellist. It has improved him out of all recognition. We do so hope that he will marry her; it would be such a splendid thing for his career."

Dinah seemed to hear the spattering of sound, the tinkle of Ron's music, and to see him far, far above her where she could not possibly hope to reach him. She was just a common little actress, one of his mistakes. Lalith would inspire him. The old ladies were full of the affair. Ron and Lalith and Benjoff were to make a tour of the North, and they thought it would bring about the match. They were eager old ladies, only too pleased to chatter. After they had gone she sat there thrumming the too white silver, waiting for Vic, and sipping Russian tea merely as an excuse for staying. By now Ron would have got her letter. Ron, who assuredly would abide by his promise, no matter what Lalith might mean to him. To-morrow he would be at Sandy's Studio, regardless of how much sacrifice it entailed of his career, of his life. She was thinking of Lalith differently. Not as the cold, calm 'cellist whose manner had annoyed her, but as Ron's wife, his inspiration, his entire fortune.

It had got to be.

Vic was late. "Tea, for heaven's sake!" he implored. "and buttered buns. I thought we'd never get that rehearsal through, but it's good, dear, darned good. There's a small part for you if you care to take it. Seven of the best a week, and it might lead to something."

"I hope it will lead to something," said Dinah.

"That's the spirit. I've landed a good job in it, you know. It looks like a three years' billet at the same old place. Now what about getting things fixed, Dinah?"

"I think 'fums up,'" said she.

"Good! When shall it be?"

"At once," she declared promptly, and suddenly she smelt orchids, faint, intangible essence of them. They hurt.

"That's the idea."

He leant across to her, and somehow she was attracted to him. After all, there was a lot to be said for this life. It had thrill. It had venture. It did not pretend to be highbrow, it was her own setting.

They finished the tea and went out into the street together. As they passed a post office Dinah said, "Here, half a minute," and went inside and bought a stamped envelope. She wrote the shaky message on a telegraph form and slipped it inside and sealed it.

> "I'm sorry about that letter," she wrote. "I did it for a bet, Ron. Like me, I'm afraid. I am marrying Vic the moment the decree is through. Wish us joy. I am fearfully happy."

As she sealed it there was the sparkle of moisture in her eyes. She was remembering things, orchid and Cluny, impertinent pierrot. *"Now then, young ladies, put a little pep into it this time. Step out, please . . ."*

Even a little vulgarian can be really great sometimes!

U. B.

BY HYNES

"Little bird, little bird, carry me away,
Carry me away to your nest"

FILM NOTES

Charlie and a friend take a stroll—a scene in his new film, "City Lights," to be shown at the Dominion Theatre early in March. Charlie Chaplin has composed the music for this picture, which is not a talkie but has sound-effects and which was acclaimed as a masterpiece when shown in New York recently

At the Tivoli this week we shall see what Frederick Lonsdale can do in the way of a comedy written directly for the screen, "The Devil to Pay." I have not had the opportunity of seeing it before writing this article, but the American reports paint it in glowing colours. Naturally, it is a sophisticated affair, but what is of chief interest is whether the dramatist has at all realised the scope of his new medium, or whether he has just kept to stage conventions and a consequent flow of dialogue allowing for little action and practically no pictorial development. Lonsdale is a great friend of Ronald Colman, who is the star of the picture. As a matter of fact, since talkies came into being, Colman has not been too well served, except, perhaps, in his latest picture, "Raffles," in which he acquitted himself very well.

The cast is a strong one, and includes Loretta Young, who, while extremely youthful, has had quite a long screen experience. Then there is Myrna Loy, who is also an established favourite. David Torrence, Paul Cavanagh, and Crawford Kent, all British actors, are included, as well as Frederick Kerr and Florence Britton. The play is directed by George Fitzmaurice, who has many successful pictures to his credit. It will, without doubt, be well worth seeing, and it will also prove or disprove Sam Goldwyn's faith in getting recognised dramatists to write direct for the screen, as opposed to the prevalent habit of picturising stage successes. If Lonsdale has fully realised his medium it cannot fail to be a success: if he has written as if he were writing for the stage, it cannot be anything but mediocre in terms of screen art.

Lucile Browne and George O'Brien in a scene in "The Last of the Duanes," from the story by Zane Grey, a Fox film to be released this week

It is remarkable how Chaplin dominates the screen situation. His latest picture, "City Lights," has been a long time coming; but then Chaplin is a good showman and does not abuse his position as crowned king of the screen. Soon after the War, when business was bad, it was Chaplin's picture, "The Pilgrim," which helped to draw people back to the cinema. He is certainly getting all the publicity he could desire about his new work, which is now announced as having been acquired by his friend Gillespie for a first run at the Dominion Theatre. There will undoubtedly be a lot of heartburnings among exhibitors about this.

What strikes me as so absurd is the Press insistence on the fact that Charlie is representing a sort of silent bulwark against a talkie invasion. He is not. He is merely wise enough to know that he is in the best sense a clown and a pantomimist, and that for him to talk would be to destroy

Lonsdale's Comedy — By

half his charm. He has utilised sound in his new picture, and that augurs that he is not a die-hard, silent, unconvertible. I should not, indeed, be a bit surprised to see him produce a talkie—in which he would not appear personally—built on the lines of "Sous les Toits de Paris"—that is, with dialogue reduced to an irreducible minimum. Indeed, he and Renée Clair, the producer of that picture, have a very great deal in common, and seem to me to be working on very similar lines.

To the best of my information, the picture at the Empire this week will be "The Bachelor Father," adapted from a stage play, with Marion Davies, Aubrey Smith, and Ralph Forbes. In parentheses, it is interesting to note how Englishmen are predominating in the bulk of American talkies these days. Both Aubrey Smith and Ralph Forbes give excellent performances in this case. It is an amusing comedy of a bachelor who decides to have his three children, born in

Dorothy Hope (Loretta Young) breaks her engagement to ... To Pay," United Artists' picture which George ... Devil To Pay" is

First Screen

Lionel Collier

different parts of the world, to live with him. The only one who remains with him is Tony, who turns out not to be his illegitimate daughter, but she is so happy that she does not disclose the fact. Complications follow, but eventually the lady is received into the bosom of the family. Incidentally, this part is remarkably well acted by Marion Davies, who, besides giving rein to her high spirits, builds up behind them a touch of irresistible pathos. The director is Robert Z. Leonard, one of the least publicised and actually one of the cleverest of American producers.

I DO not think Fay Compton has appeared to better advantage than she does in "Uneasy Virtue," which is the title of the screen adaptation of the stage play, "The Happy Husband." I suppose the producer thought that a happy husband sounded too sexless to prove a "box-office pull." She gives a subtle portrayal of a girl who grows tired of her complacent husband's acceptance of her virtue, and embarks on a flirtation which leads to her being compromised. But, being like Cæsar's wife, no one will believe it, and it is only because her husband pretends to suspect something that domestic bliss is secured.

Dot Rendell (Fay Compton), herself the culprit, listens to the suspicions of husband and guests as to the identity of the lady in the South Room. A scene in "Uneasy Virtue," a British picture made at B.I.P. studios at Elstree

Lord Leeland (Ronald Colman), in a scene in "The Devil Fitzmaurice has directed for Samuel Goldwyn. "The now at the Tivoli

Doria March, the attractive young Canadian film star, plays the part of the Queen in "Enter the Queen," an Arthur Varney production shown recently at the Alhambra. She is well known on the musical-comedy stage in New York, and during the last six months has taken leading parts in three British pictures

PRODUCTION generally is satisfactory, but not remarkable otherwise, and tends to develop too slowly. The cast includes Edmund Breon, Francis Lister, Margot Grahame, Garry Marsh, and Hubert Harben.

ONE of the outstanding films of last year, "The Blue Angel," is generally released this month. If it has not been seen already one could not advise any better entertainment. By the way, Marlene Dietrich, who appears in it opposite Emil Jannings, has just finished her first picture, "Dishonour," in America.

TWO other worthwhile releases are "The Big House," a satire—so far as I could see—on American prison life, which I dealt with fully in a recent issue of THE BYSTANDER, and "The Last of the Duanes." This is a refreshing, out-of-doors Western. George O'Brien does very well as an outlaw, who is out to avenge his father's murder.

L. C.

SCHEIDEGG SKIERS RAID WENGEN

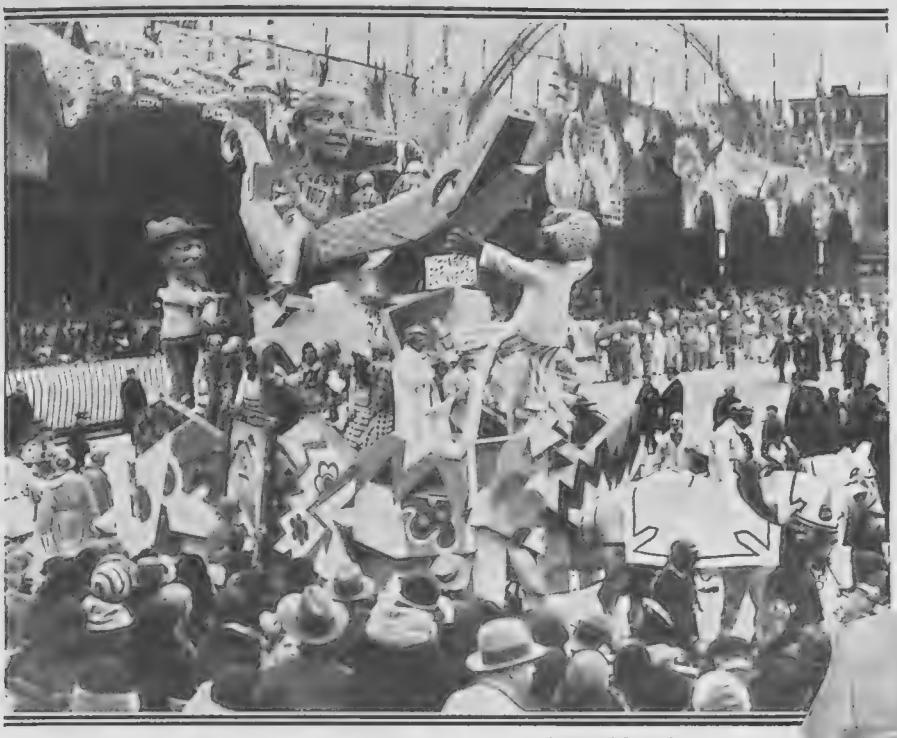
Mr. Robin Salusbury-Trelawney as a sort of Mayoral Father Christmas, leading a procession of skiers from Scheidegg to Wengen to give proof that Englishmen do not always take their sports too seriously

Mr. T. M. Pearson and Mrs. Nancy Fletcher, all dressed up for a ski-ing raid on Wengen

Mr. Norman Fletcher, a former High Sheriff of Cumberland, sailing gaily into Wengen in a uniform of a decidedly unofficial though picturesque nature

Mr. Dennis Tanner and Miss Joan Whiteside, two more of the raiding party, disguised as very white Russian peasants

PARIS GOSSIP



Sport and General

NICE, THE QUEEN OF CARNIVAL

One of the cars in the procession which marked the opening of the annual Carnival at Nice. The figures satirise the "modern" in contemporary art

PARODIES, PLAYS AND PERSONALITIES

BY SYLVIA LYON

CHARITY, in the House of France, evidently does not begin at home. The Duchesse de Vendôme, born Princesse Henriette of Belgium, and the late Duc de Vendôme, Duc d'Alençon, born Prince Emmanuel d'Orléans, were patrons of numerous charities and often opened their houses at Neuilly, Cannes, or their place near Evian, for bazaars. During the War the Duc de Vendôme, first cousin of the French Pretender, often provided shelter and food in comfortable hotels for stray soldiers on leave. He was a very handsome man, inheriting not only the good looks of the Orléans family, but those of his mother, who, born a Wittelsbach, was a sister of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria.

ALFRED SAVOIR

Who has just finished a new play in Paris

THE entire French public, and the foreign resident public of no matter what dynastic or political creed, sensed something brutal, cold-blooded and just a little ridiculous when it was announced that only one of his daughters, the Princesse Genevieve d'Orléans, Comtesse de Chaponay, would be at the services at Cannes and the burial in the French Royal Chapel at Dreux. The other two children were not even mentioned. The elder daughter of the family, Princesse Marie-Louise, was first married to Prince Philippe de Bourbon-Siciles. They were divorced, and when the princess married Walter Kingsland she gave up her titles and royal prerogatives. When the only son, the Duc de Nemours, married Miss Margaret Watson in London, his parents refused to receive his wife, and their marriage has never been recognised by the House of France.

ONE would think that at such a time, merely for the sake of public opinion, the family would temporise if only for the immediate period of mourning. The young Duc de Nemours did many unusual things before attaining his majority: he studied fruit-farming in Canada, forestry in Madagascar, and was for a time social secretary to the late Captain Alfred Loewenstein. But when he married Miss Watson he did something unheard of: he married an American girl without a penny to her name.

THEY live most of the year in Morocco, where the couple have a cattle farm, that is to say small cattle; in fact, a pig farm. On the other hand, to be just, the Duchesse de Nemours did nothing to win her husband's family. She had friends that called for criticism, went to places during their sojourns in Paris that called for criticism, and her husband, who adores her, has several times been embroiled in rowdy controversies in night clubs. Meanwhile, the official administrative headquarters of the Maison d'Orléans at 102, rue de Miromesnil, is being besieged with requests for cards for the Duc de Vendôme's funeral. Another bizarre note is that for the forthcoming wedding of the Comte de Paris, the heir of the Duc de Guise, to the Princesse Isabelle d'Orléans Bragance, any French or Brazilian citizen may apply at the same address for invitations.

When an artiste achieves real renown! Maurice Chevalier as portrayed by an artist who made some of the giant heads used in the Nice Carnival

THE week has been filled with peculiarities. Paris grown white overnight, a carpet of snow covering the city just when buyers are in town for the spring collections. Miss Paris was discovered not to be Miss Paris at all. Miss Paris, a Mlle. Ortmans, was born in Roubaix. She said she had forgotten her birthplace when she entered the competition, but I cannot imagine anyone having been born in Roubaix being able to forget it. Her successor to the title, Mlle. Renée Jouve, is a daughter of one of the directors of the Agence Havas. Two other novelties of the Miss Paris-Miss France-Miss Europe nonsense was that Miss Russia turned out to be the daughter of Chaliapine, and that there was actually one pretty girl in the competition—Miss Roumania.

THE greatest joke of the week was a special number of *Le Rire*, entitled *Un Mois chez les Députés*, with text

"The Beauty Queen of Paris, Mlle. Ortmans, was discovered not to be Miss Paris at all"

and illustrations by Jehan Sennep, whose political cartoons are simply priceless. The title and general idea of the magazine is a burlesque on last year's naughtiest book, *Un Mois Chez les Filles*, by Maryse Choisy. The Prefect of Police managed to confiscate a number of copies, but most of the kiosks were sold out long before the police appeared, and if the police had any sense, after having laughed themselves ill over *Un Mois Chez les Filles*, they would have sold them again, probably to the deputies themselves. Only the Radicals were incensed against Sennep, and they threatened to break his head if he appeared at the Chamber of Deputies. However, he did, brazenly carrying two hundred copies, which he generously showered upon his confrères. But Radical deputies are not the only people who object being portrayed as "filles."

THE Syndicat Medicale de la Seine, which is more syndicate than sinning, is righteously investigating the practices of a number of unqualified psychiatrists. There is one fakir who is making a fortune out of women who are all worn out from playing bridge. A smart liveried servant admits the nervous wreck, another relieves her of her two silver foxes, and the "doctor" is waiting to relieve her of her inhibitions and her bank account. His nationality is unknown, but that is what makes him so charming, you know, so understanding and sympathetic.

"YOURS is a difficult case," he says, searching her eyes and soul and weighing the value of her pearls. "You are a very unusual woman," he continues, after a moment's silence. (By this time she is almost cured.) He takes her into a dark room in which a blue light dimly burns, and asks her to lie down on a divan. "You will go to sleep," he croons, "and while you are in the arms of Lethe (she looks a little bit scared at this) I will transmit my curative thoughts into your suffering mind. You will sleep for half an hour and will awaken a new woman." He turns off the light, and leaves the woman alone and in silent darkness. Quite naturally she falls asleep. Who would not? In thirty minutes she is awakened, pays a thousand francs, and leaves perfectly happy.

ALFRED SAVOIR has finished a new play and said he was looking for a title. "Buy one," I suggested. "Where?" he asked. "From the Vatican," I said. However, he found one himself, *Le Roi de Paris*.

I will now present some facts and questions of the moment: 6 p.m., Rue Pierre Charron. Probably 6.20, Place de la Concorde, and 5.30, Place de l'Opéra. If light bends, as Einstein claims, I am sure it bends more in Paris than anywhere else.

That Edouard Martinez de Hoz has lost a fortune in the Oustric Bank crash, and who is Lady Abdy going to marry next? . . . Madame James de Rothschild has lost a pearl necklace. . . . Where did they find space to put a miniature golf course in the Theatre Pigalle, belonging to her brother-in-law, Philippe? . . . What age is Prince Aage of Denmark, and was it he or Prince Andrew of Greece, anyhow, a member of this club, I mean family, who came out of the Travellers the other morning and to my amazement squeezed himself into a tiny Rosengart automobile? . . . Is he the tallest man in Paris? No, Colonel Needham, of the British Embassy, is the tallest man in Paris.

CÉCILE SOREL broadcast a testimonial favouring a certain brand of cosmetics, and it is a good thing the radio was not equipped with television. . . . The Parisian market on morals is thus: Cocottes: Germans rising in favour. Gigolos: Austrians on the upward trend. . . . Where is the best theatre-ticket agency in Paris? In the Avenue Kléber, near the Rue de Presbourg. . . . who operates the restaurant Mon Repos, in the Rue de la Pompe? Prince Youssopoff's cook. Prince Youssopoff's name is no longer even mentioned in Paris. Because of the cook? I will tell you all about it when you come to Paris. . . . The night after the arrival in town of three out of the four Marx brothers they went to the Palace Theatre to see "Harry Pilsner," as Chico said. That was very nice of them, considering that Chico wasn't feeling well, anyhow, and in one of their ten rooms at the George V he was staring miserably at eight bottles of medicine a French doctor had prescribed for him. . . . The Princess Jane San Faustino has suggested to "Coco" Chanel that she enter the establishment as vendeuse to cater to the wants of old ladies. . . . Why doesn't Elsa Maxwell suggest to do the same thing for stout ladies at Patou? S. L.

"Miss Esthonia," "Miss France" and "Miss Belgium," in the competition to elect "Miss Europe." The title went to "Miss France," which shows how ideas on beauty differ, for probably not many English critics would choose her as the International beauty of Europe

Jehan Sennep brazenly carrying two hundred copies of "Le Rire"

TWO VIEWS OF INDIA UNDER LORD IRWIN

Central News

Above is seen the view from the Secretariat of the Viceroy's house in New Delhi, the new capital of India, the opening of which was officially inaugurated by Lord Irwin last week. There have been three previous Delhis, and native prophets say the fourth will be the last

Topical

Lord and Lady Irwin seen far from the cares and worries of India in the grounds of their English home, Garrowby Hall, situated between York and Driffield

Topical

Police attacking Swarajists who held up the traffic outside the City Hall in Bombay by squatting in the roadway. Why the authorities do not turn the hose on rioters is a mystery, for it would quickly and effectually disperse the passive resistance movement, whose votaries are turning law and order into ridicule

AT THE PLAY

BITS—AND PIECES

WANDERING WANDA WANDERS HOME
Left to Right: Marcus Heriot (Cecil Ramage), Wanda Heriot (Gladys Cooper), Lady Heriot (Sybil Carlisle), and General Sir John Heriot, Bt. (A. Bromley-Davenport)

"The Pelican," at the Playhouse

THE PELICAN at the Playhouse is far more interesting than the pelican in the wilderness, for this domestic drama, by H. M. Harwood and F. Tennyson Jesse, which was first seen some seven years ago—unlike the pelican—possesses plenty of good talk as well as good scenes wedded to an interesting story.

WHERE the pelican play also differs from the pelican bird is that at the Playhouse we see the heroine, Wanda Heriot, sacrificing herself for her chick, and you would have to wait a long time in the desert to see the bird do that, despite the legend which has grown up around it.

STRANGELY enough, the finest scene in the play has nothing to do with the heroine, but is that in which her son is recognised by his grandfather as being of the true Heriot stock, which was a matter of doubt, and as acted by Derek Williams, A. Bromley-Davenport, and Cecil Ramage is good enough in itself to make this play worth reviving.

Paul Lauzun (Gerald du Maurier), bids a fond farewell to Wanda Heriot (Gladys Cooper) while Marcus Heriot (Cecil Ramage), the husband who divorced her, is prepared to welcome her back

GLADYS COOPER has a fine part as the heroine, and it is mainly on her shoulders that the rest of the play is borne, as Sir Gerald du Maurier, with a self-effacement rare in an actor-manager, contents himself with the rather small part of her elderly French lover, which he plays with distinction. Why some of my critical colleagues have seen fit to suggest that he was wrong in wearing a moustache I cannot understand. After all, Frenchmen have been known to grow one!

"Kong," at the Cambridge Theatre

THE critics have been very unkind to the Chinese *Kong*, but not for the reason that many of the characters wear moustaches! This play is of the *Chu-Chin-Chow* type, which, to borrow the words of the late Sir Herbert Tree, was "more navel than millinery." I think that Oscar Asche, who was responsible for both productions, has, with the assistance of Joseph and Phil Harker, given us at the Cambridge Theatre even more beautiful stage scenes, while the costumes, designed by Aubrey Hammond, are also to be preferred, even though cutting into more material.

THE great fault in this play is that the author, Harold Kingsley, allows two contending factions often to get the better of each other without the ghost of a fight. At one moment Kong is top dog, at another the mandarin caste is the winner of the round, and for the life of me I could not see what brought about this change of fortune! Even in

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "THE PELICAN," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, BY H. H. HARRIS

a play with music the fight should not be made as devoid of thrills as a bout between two British heavyweights!

OSCAR ASCHE, Dorothy Black, Lyn Harding, and other members of the company are as Eastern as a willow pattern plate, but Godfrey Tearle in the name part, fine actor as he is, seemed unable to capture the right atmosphere; while Ursula Jeans in a dual rôle, like the sun, started off in the East, but, also like the sun, reached the West in due course. Anything less Chinese than this "Golden Mouse" it would be hard to discover. A highbrow musical friend assures me that the music by Harold Kingsley and Baynton Power is poor stuff. I regret to say I rather liked it.

"The Rocklitz," at the Duke of York's Theatre

WHEN I saw *Captain Banner*, by George Preedy, at the Little Theatre, I thought it one of the best historical plays I had ever seen. I therefore went to the Duke of York's Theatre, where the same author's *The Rocklitz* is in the bill, with high hope. But this hope was unfulfilled.

FOR this drama, which deals with incidents in the life of Magdalena Sibylla von Neidschutz, who afterwards became the Countess Rocklitz and mistress of Johann George IV, Prince Elector of Saxony, suffers from two great faults: the extremely unsympathetic character of the heroine and the dullness of the drama as a whole.

THERE is quite a lot of action in the play, but somehow or other it never appears to grip the interest, not even at the moment when the heroine, to save her family from ruin, gives herself to her Royal lover in an inevitable bedroom scene by suggesting she desires the dark, and the curtain comes down just in time to preserve the proprieties.

I THOUGHT that Mary Glynne did all that was possible with this none too effective part. I hate to cast a stone, still more to stone a cast, but I was not as enamoured with Dennis Neilson-Terry's playing of the Royal hero. The affectation with which he decorated it struck me as overdone even in cape-and-sword drama. There were several square pegs chosen for round holes among other members, a criticism which, however, does not apply to the work of Felix Aylmer, a scheming politician; Lawrence Anderson, the countess's lover, and Norman V. Norman as her father.

"Strange Interlude," at the Lyric Theatre

IF Eugene O'Neill's example is followed by other dramatists, and the "three hours' traffic of the stage" is extended to over four hours, or, as in the case of Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* to days, I think it will be a thousand pities, for the reason that in such cases one of the principal factors in the art of playwriting—artistic compression—will cease to exist.

IT is a matter of argument, but my conviction is that if a dramatist cannot round off his story and allow the playgoer to discover all that it is necessary for him to know about his characters between, at the outside, eight till eleven, then his theme is unsuited to the stage or he is wanting in the playwright's art.

I AM not saying that O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* is uninteresting or fails to hold the attention of the audience, but I do strongly suggest that compression would improve it. Also, constructionally, I am dubious as to the advantages which can be gained by the reintroduction of the old-fashioned soliloquy and aside with which so much time is occupied at the Lyric Theatre.

MANY of these asides, to the ordinary intelligence, merely stress the obvious, and are therefore something of an insult to those who can realise perfectly well the difference between what the characters are saying and what they are thinking, and gives the artist no chance of subtle acting.

A Funeral Note

IF Manager Alec L. Rea is *The Man who Pays the Piper* I am afraid he has incurred heavy expense in the short-lived run of this play by G. B. Stern at the St. Martin's Theatre. Still, though such a failure is not worth discussing after the funeral, I am glad I saw this play, not only because it was interesting to see so clever an actress as Diana Wynyard wrestling with a long but poor part, but also for the reason that there was a very clever sketch given by Merle Tottenham as a family drudge. Managers in search of a young actress with a keen sense of character should keep an eye on her.

V. W.

Wanda (Gladys Cooper) toys with her beau, Paul Lauzun (Gerald du Maurier), while Anna (Mary Rorke) looks on approvingly

ROUND AND ABOUT AT CRUFT'S

Above: Mrs. Summers' Bull Terrier, Champion Numbskull, a 1st-prize winner

Right: A 1st-prize winner at Cruft's, Mr. G. Alderson's Dalmatian, Marie of Church-End

L.N.A

L.N.A.

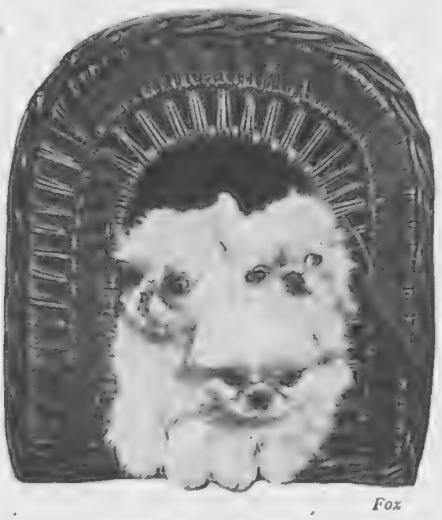
A Special Article on Cruft's by Lady Kitty Ritson appears on page 328

I.B.

A general view of the judging in progress at the Royal Agricultural Hall, showing gundogs in the ring in the foreground

Fox

A study in canine contrasts at Cruft's provided by the meeting of two of the entrants



Fox

White Pekingese, only a few weeks old, make their bow. They were shown by Mrs. Newbould-Mills

L.N.A.

Mr. F. Trenchan O'Rorke's Champion Irish Water Spaniel, Champion Breifny Gem

IF RICHARD III

had lived to-day he would have called not only for a horse, but for a stirrup cup of

"King George IV"

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

"The Whisky of Right Royal Quality"

DOGS

A CRUFT'S CAUSERIE

EVERY DOG HAS HIS—"DATE" Topical

Some of Cruft's entrants take their owners to tea at the Royal Agricultural Hall at Islington. Inset is an Old English Sheepdog, Highroad Robbery, owned by Miss V. Croft, a winner of three First Prizes and a Challenge Certificate

By Lady Kitty Ritson

As usual, Cruft's was as great a social success as it was a canine triumph, and, of course, from the dog's point of view, the fact that Spratts benched and fed the show made it a pleasant function for the dog.

THE Alsatian obedience classes were a tremendous "draw," and this time the Great Danes competed with marked success. It is expected that next year these classes will contain "obedience" tests for Keeshonden as well as Samoyedes. The steps overlooking the ring were closely packed with enthusiastic people.

There was a scene of almost unprecedented excitement when Ch. Caro of Welham, who has won 21 Alsatian certificates, reappeared again after an absence of two years and won his 22nd certificate. He is now eleven years old. When he won the Open Class people threw their caps in the air and yelled "Caro, Caro!" It was like the reappearance of a prima donna.

THE Greyhound entries were very well up to the mark, and Mr. Alex. Pease, who is always to the fore in the "long tails," carried off the Reserve certificate. Most of the champions in the greyhound world have been bred by him. There was an unexpected entry of coursing dogs amongst the "Beauty" breeds.

EVERYBODY who is glad to see the old English breeds in the ascendant (and who isn't?) was delighted to see the number of old English mastiffs entered. They are steadily on the upward trend, and show a tremendous increase in quality.

As for the Cockers they topped the list, and the merry little dogs are the sensation of the show both in the matter of numbers and quality. They are particularly popular with men, which is not the case with the majority of breeds where lady exhibitors are in the majority. Funnily enough, the smaller the breed the more often does one see men in bowler hats and blue serge suits trundling them round.

THE little "long tails" (the whippets) were frightfully popular. Fay, one of the principal winners, has a romantic history, for she was bought in a small saddler's shop for a mere song, and now she is well on the way to being a champion.

Perhaps Mr. Cruft has never been more successful than he was this year.

I MET many people at Cruft's who were in a terrible state about the amount of exercise they can give their dogs, and make martyrs of themselves trying to give them as much as they think they need. Now the amount of exercise a dog needs depends a great deal upon the life he is expected to lead, and it can be regulated accordingly. Naturally, every dog should have one walk a day, and that off the lead; and if that is all the exercise he is receiving his food must be spare but nourishing. If you have a terrier and all the exercise he gets is one short walk, it will be sufficient to give him a few ounces of raw meat and some dry hound meal per day. As long as a dog's bowels are moved regularly and he is allowed out at definite intervals he will not fall sick; but, of course, it is not an ideal existence, and it is an impossible one for a big dog, namely, an animal like a collie, Alsatian, or a dog of that size. They would soon become either ill or dangerous. But a small dog can be exercised with a ball, and in a few minutes he will have had the equivalent of a walk of an hour.

THAT is what I meant when I said that it is not necessary for people to make martyrs of themselves in the matter of exercising their dogs, because you can always find a quiet street if you live in a town where you can throw a ball for him. Don't overdo it, as you might strain his heart; throw it a few times and then let him rest a little, and then begin again. At the end of the game make him realise it is the end, and let him have a few minutes' quiet walk. He will then attend to all his needs, and return home a well satisfied and very healthily tired little dog.

It is a mistake to keep big dogs except in the country, but if you live out of town and wish to keep a large dog it doesn't mean that you need walk ten or more miles a day in order to keep him fit. If you were training him for racing, or sheep-herding, or something equally strenuous you would have to condition him accordingly; but as you presumably require him as a companion you need not bother to do more than keep him in condition, and that he will do for himself if you go for a two-mile walk and he is running free, for he will cover three or four miles.

IN cold weather it is essential to give dogs sufficient exercise, as it stimulates their circulation and prevents them being cold at night. Be sure during a spell of wintry weather that they have plenty of straw and that their sleeping benches have sides and a top, because when this is the case they can generate their own heat almost like a fireless cooking box; but a bench which is open to all the draughts makes such a demand upon their vitality that they will soon become thin and miserable. Should you unexpectedly take your dog for a very long walk on a Sunday or holiday, and he comes in tired, don't let him go into his kennel without being sure that he is dry and warmed inside.

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FLYING NOTES

AUTOGIROS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY CAPT. C. E. WARD

Capt. Roxburgh-Smith, photographed in Rhodesia with his Bluebird. This is a similar machine to that used by the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce on her flight

Personalities in the Air

THE Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce will land at Croydon on Friday next, according to present plans. Her flight since leaving England last year is really an amazing one, for after but forty hours in the air she achieved her object of being the first to fly from England to Japan and then crossed America. The Gipsy Bluebird has proved more than equal to this strenuous test in the hands of a comparative novice to flying, and it will be interesting to have Mrs. Bruce's comments on solo touring in a "side-by-sider." Sir Claude Hill, the Governor of the Isle of Man, has been visiting Heston Airport in order to get an idea of how such a modern establishment is operated. An air line between Liverpool, the Isle of Man, and Belfast is a possibility this year. The Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas is proposing to pilot her husband, the Hon. Inigo Freeman-Thomas, to India when he visits his father, Lord Willingdon, the new Viceroy.

Schneider News

COMMANDER JAMES BIRD, a director of the Supermarine Aviation Works, which built the successful Schneider Trophy racers in 1927 and 1929, has been elected chairman of the Royal Aero Club Committee engaged in organising the event this year. Sq.-Ldr. Orlebar has been reappointed to command the Royal Air Force team, a post which he filled with such distinction on the last occasion. He personally is the holder of the world's speed record of 357 miles an hour on a Supermarine Rolls-Royce seaplane. One cannot think of better people to undertake these responsibilities.

The Windmill 'Plane

THE Cierva Autogiro is by far the most successful type of aircraft which has ever been made to work on unorthodox lines. For the past 300 years men have been designing vehicles with flapping and rotating wings, but

Hay Wrightson

Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, an outstanding member of the winning Schneider Trophy team of 1929, who, it is expected, may be included in this year's team

until Señor Cierva actually flew in his curious machine no one really believed there was such a bird. Its only visible means of support are four vanes which revolve horizontally above the body. This device, which has been applied so far to a normal open fuselage, is to be extended to cabin monoplanes, float-seaplanes and flying boats. De Havillands are to build a Puss Moth and Messrs. Short Brothers a flying boat each fitted with the Cierva patent. The French Government has already ordered two float-seaplanes to operate with their Navy, and it will be realised that a machine which takes off in thirty yards and can land easily in the space of a tennis court has a great future when operating from ships at sea. Unfortunately, the success of the Autogiro had had in one way a bad effect, in that Mayors, their Corporations, and other local dignitaries are firmly convinced that aerodromes will not be required in a few years' time, because all aeroplanes will be Autogiros, alighting and departing like flies from any convenient rod, pole or perch.

Moth Chat

WHILST the De Havilland Company recommends that a Gipsy engine should be completely overhauled after 30,000 miles or so, the Basle Aero Club has been running a Gipsy Moth for nearly 40,000 miles without any trouble whatsoever, and it is no exaggeration to state that aero engines of this type have been developed to a stage of perfection almost unknown in motor car practice. It is true that some cars are run for 30,000 miles without taking the engine down, but their efficiency suffers very considerably, whereas an aero engine like the Gipsy, being constructed to very much finer limits, has a correspondingly longer life, and with careful service there is practically no risk of a breakdown. In actual fact the present-day pilot scarcely knows what engine failure means, so reliable are the power units which have been produced. Two Puss Moths are being supplied to Japan for *Asahi*, one of the most important national papers. These machines will be used for whisking reporters and photographers, with their note-books and cameras, from point to point, following a custom which was established in this country many years ago.

Light 'Plane Topics

THE number of private owners using aircraft for business purposes is steadily increasing. Mr. Eustace Watkins, the managing director of the motor car distributors of that name, made all his business calls during six months in a Puss Moth, including trips to the Continent, and he found that the time saved was tremendous, especially when several cities widely separated had to be visited in one day. The Comper Swift, fitted with the latest type of Pobjoy engine, has a splendid performance and the demand for an efficient single-seater seems to have been met in a most adequate manner. Nearly all long-distance flights by light 'planes have been carried out with two-seaters, the passenger being an extra petrol tank. It remains to be seen whether the single-seater, as such, will be equally suitable for extensive tours abroad. The establishment of municipal aerodromes is proceeding at a leisurely pace. Brighton, Doncaster, Portsmouth, Southampton, Newcastle, Sheffield and Birmingham are some of the latest probabilities.

Fashions Fancies

A Study in Contrasts

Although shady this hat from Henry Heath's, Oxford Street, W., reveals the forehead in a decidedly becoming manner. It is expressed in that modish sisol straw and is trimmed with satin

In the hat on the right the forehead is revealed attractively and not uncompromisingly. In it felt and sisol straw are present. It may be seen at Henry Heath's

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs By Lenare*

Flowers, Yokes and Basques

Novel Vests and Basques

THERE have been many surprises at the Parisian "openings," as they are technically called, among them being the blouse with a basque, which must not be confounded with the Russian tunic, as it is totally different. These basques are seen in conjunction with double-breasted blouses, the material cut away in front to reveal a spade-shaped vest of a contrasting fabric. They are expressed in satin, wool, and printed crêpe. Some of the new third pieces, as the jumper-blouse is often called, have yokes of a contrasting colour; they may be cut on slanting lines, or terminate in vandyks. The tuck-in blouse is as modish as ever. Sometimes this conceit is simulated by outlining the hem with a cross-way band of the same fabric as the dress. The pinafore frock has appeared; it is made of tweed stockinette, and is reinforced with a separate waistcoat provided with sleeves. Sometimes they are arranged with neat bretelles.

Flowers Again

FLOWERS are to be seen on many of the spring hats; they suggest that they have been pressed, subsequently being massed together and then used as motifs. Velvet petals are likewise strewn over the crown, and golden-brown primroses are placed on the edge of the brim. Button-holes are coming to the fore again; there are camellias in every shade, violets, snowdrops, and small bunches of mixed flowers, as well as roses of every kind.

Above—Simplicity is the salient feature of this hat from Woodrow. In it Japanese Bangkok and black ciré ribbon are present

Above—In these sketches Emile shows that the hair may be dressed fashionably and becomingly. One is for day and the other for evening wear

Left—The influence of the bonnet is plainly discernible in this shady hat. Woodrow has carried it out in fancy straw

The Kindly Brim

THE kindly brim is a very important feature of the hats at Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, W. They are responsible for the chef d'œuvre on the left; it is of pale blue fancy straw, the ribbon that encircles the crown being studded with buttons. Japanese Bangkok and black ciré ribbon are present in the neat affair on the right, and it is splendid news that it is available for 29*s.* 6*d.* Another hat for the same price, and somewhat similar in shape, has a felt crown and a coarse straw brim; it is known by the name of "Norma." The illustrated catalogue is ready, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Individuality in Hairdressing

TO-DAY no hard-and-fast rules can be laid down regarding the manner of dressing the hair; it must be becoming. Women will be well advised to consult that well-known artist in hair, Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W. It will be recalled that he also has salons in Paris.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

HORROR IN FACT AND FICTION

By "Junius"

MANY books have been written on the French Foreign Legion, but I have never read one so frankly outspoken as *Hell in the Foreign Legion*, by Ernst F. Löhndorff, translated by Gerard Shelley (Allen and Unwin: 8*s.* 6*d.*). Personally, I consider much sympathy is wasted on the légionnaires. All the world knows what the Legion is—the last resort of the desperate and of those who have put themselves without the shadow of the law—or too much within it. Therefore, when a man enlists he knows exactly what is before him—an inexorable and iron discipline. But some of the punishments for breaches of that discipline suggest Chinese tortures rather than French military methods. The two worst are a delinquent's wrists and ankles being tied together behind his back whilst he is lying on his face in the sun. A basin of water is put just beyond reach of his mouth. This is called la crapaudine. The other is being buried up to the neck in sand with uncovered head. This punishment quickly brings delirium owing to the heat. The author escaped from the Legion, and therefore describes its conditions from the inside. He writes so forcibly and with such knowledge that no sane person would ever dream of enlisting in the Legion after reading this outspoken book, which strips every shred of romance from this body of men.

A légionnaire undergoing a barbaric form of punishment. The above photograph provides the illustration to the jacket of "Hell in the Foreign Legion" (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.: 8s. 6d.), by Ernst F. Löhndorff

MR. J. D. BERESFORD had not his usual happy inspiration when he planned *An Innocent Criminal* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*). We are told that it is "a new type of detective novel," in which the story of the crime is of secondary importance to characterisation and general detail. Here, I think, Mr. Beresford has fallen between two stools, because, as is inevitable in a detective novel, the crime and not the characterisation is the point on which the reader's attention and interest are focussed. Thus, when the hero discovers a buried body in the garden of the house he has rented, the story centres round the identity of the corpse and not the character of her father, her sister, or the hero.

IN one way it certainly is a new type of detective novel, because Mr. Beresford has applied all his art—and we know how delicate and polished that can be—to the presentment of the story. But, as I have said, the crime surges up above everything else. And that crime follows the usual lines of the detective story, suspicion being generously bstowed all round. But at the end Mr. Beresford has a surprise for his readers in the actual murderer of Dolores Grant. At the same time, I have known Mr. Beresford in far happier vein.

AS a study of a certain type of feminine psychology, *Simpson, a Life*, by Edward Sackville West (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), astonishes one because it is written by a man. Ruth Simpson, coming midway in a large family, instinctively takes to mothering a younger brother and sister. All the defects, all the qualities of her character become merged in one absorbing passion—that of nursing children. Mr. Sackville West, with an almost uncanny insight into Simpson's temperament, takes her from situation to situation, showing the atmosphere of the several families and the characters of her succeeding employers with many subtle touches. In all her situations, except one, Simpson stays for years, only leaving when the children grow beyond her care. But the curious part about Simpson is that although she is a beloved "Nanny" in these various nurseries, she rouses no spark of affection in the reader. You go with her when she leaves home as a young girl, and then step by step all through her life, until, as a middle-aged woman she meets her death in the revolution in Berlin after the War. But you have no personal feeling for her. On the other hand, you have admiration for the skill and acute perception of her creator, who, apart from Simpson, has given us a whole series of delicately etched portraits. Because it is written by a man, I consider this a remarkable book.

MR. THAKE for a considerable time past has been a delight to the readers of *The Daily Express*. He came into being under the witty pen of "Beachcomber," of whom it may be said, as he himself says of Dr. Strabismus of Utrecht, "Whom God Preserve." There is nobody like Mr. Thake, and "Beachcomber's" many admirers will rejoice to have a second volume of his happy inconsequence. This is *Mr. Thake Again* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Here you have Mr. Thake at the ballet, a flower show, Goodwood, and Cowes, and shooting. He finances an amateur film with disastrous results. In short, there is no activity he doesn't touch, and whatever he does he leaves you chuckling.

Wide World

Mr. J. B. Priestley, the famous author, and a "good companion," in the person of Mrs. Priestley, in the Pullman boat train en route for America. They intend to tour Tahiti and spend some time in Hollywood

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Œufs à la Crème de Parmesan.

Lobster au Gratin.

Rump Steak en Casserole.
Pommes de Terre Frites.

Bananes à la Princesse.

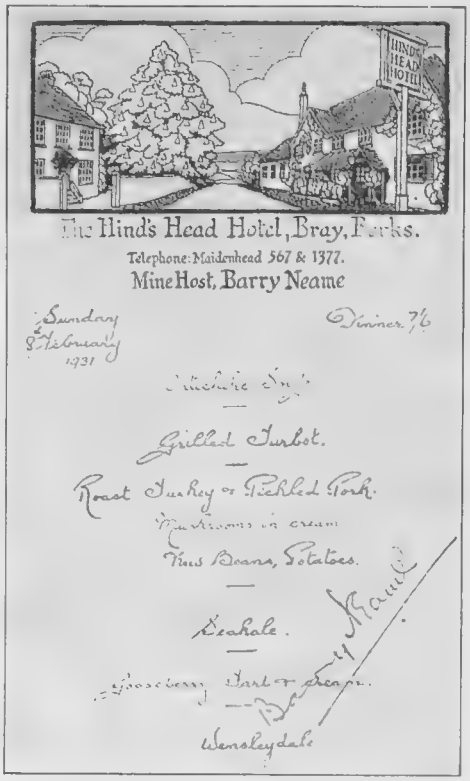
Devilled Prawns.

Café.

Œufs à la Crème de Parmesan

Hard boil some eggs and place them in a fireproof dish. Cover completely with Parmesan sauce, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, and place under the grill to brown slightly. To make the Parmesan sauce, dissolve 2 ozs. of butter in a stewpan, mix in 1 oz. of flour and a cupful of milk. Add 4 ozs of grated Parmesan, and mix well. If too thick add more milk until of the consistency of cream.

Lobster au Gratin

Melt ½ oz. of butter in a stewpan and throw in a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion. When slightly browned stir in 1 oz. of flour, mix thoroughly, then add about three gills of milk, stir over the fire, and when it has boiled six or seven minutes drop in the lobster cut into small pieces, add pepper, salt, cayenne, according to taste, and one anchovy finely minced. Stir the mixture over the fire till it boils; add the beaten yolk of an egg, pour the mixture into the lobster shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, chopped parsley and tiny lumps of butter; place in the oven for about twenty minutes (or under the grill) to brown. Serve garnished with fresh parsley.

The menu of a dinner served at the Hind's Head Hotel at Bray, where typical English fare and an excellent cellar have brought it fame under the proprietorship of Barry Neame

Rump Steak en Casserole

Cut into neat pieces a good rump steak, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and fry in butter in the casserole, and put aside. Add a little more butter and fry in it an onion until coloured. Then stir in a gill of brown sauce and a wineglassful of sherry. Boil up and add a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, and if necessary a little browning to make the gravy a rich brown. Fry some mushrooms, and add them to the contents of the casserole five minutes before it is taken from the oven.

Bananes à la Princesse

Stew some bananas in syrup. Cut some slices of bread the length and breadth of the bananas, fry in butter, and drain carefully. When these are crisp spread them with jam, and lay a stewed banana on each strip; arrange them in a compôte dish, and cover with whipped cream.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page i)

"Beachcomber" has indeed a pretty wit, just tinged, as all wit should be, with a suggestion of satire. Who else but he could have written the account of the wedding and its screamingly funny list of guests, with which the book closes?

At this particular moment the police authorities are meeting with a certain amount of criticism because of two still unsolved murders. *Murder by Persons Unknown*, by H. L. Adam (Collins: 12*s.* 6*d.*), therefore appears most opportunely. It will show the critics of the police that the complete disappearance of murderers, leaving no trace behind them, is not a new thing in the annals of crime. Mr. Adam, who has written many books on crime, prisons, and the police, gives no fewer than twenty-four cases for which "nobody has been made amenable to the law," ending with the Sidney poisoning case at Croydon, and the murder of the Reading tobacconist, Alfred Oliver—cases which are still vivid in everybody's memory. He begins with that strange case at Igtham, near Sevenoaks, in which Mrs. Luard was found shot in a summer house, and her husband, Major-General Luard, committed suicide afterwards. To each case Mr. Adam has added what he believes to be the solution, which tempts the reader to do a little crime solving of his own. Actually, these twenty-four accounts of unsolved crime are twenty-four thrilling stories of mystery.

Humour, pathos, tragedy, horror, you will find all four in *The Pleasantries of Old Quong*, by Thomas Burke (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*), who has made Limehouse his own. Old Quong is a wise old Chinaman who keeps a teashop in Limehouse. There, night after night, he pours out stories of his past experience of men and things. Mr. Burke retells us sixteen of these stories as only Mr. Burke can tell them. For stark horror, *The Hands of Mr. Ottermole* stands out from all the others, and it is long since I read anything so subtly satirical as *The Obscenity of Glamis Flang*. But each story is a gem of narrative and characterisation in its own way. A book not to be missed.

Interesting and exciting as it is, I imagine Maurice Dekobra's *The Sphinx Has Spoken* (Werner Laurie: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is even better in the original French. The point that leaps from its pages is the author's clever knowledge of Anglo-Indian life, and the greatest compliment one can pay him is to say that the scenes in the fort on the North-West Frontier might have been written by an Englishman. The same, perhaps, cannot be said when it comes to the mentality of his two heroes, Captain Roberts and Lieutenant Nicholson, but it is a novel of incident rather than of character. As I said, interesting and exciting, especially the attack by tribesmen on the fort.

Some Books Worth Reading

Milord and I, by Anthony Richardson (The Bodley Head: 7*s.* 6*d.*). An old-fashioned story about a "bold, bad baron." It is suggestive of the old melodrama, but the book has its own atmosphere and its own interest if you like reading about conditions that have passed away.

The Rider of San Felipe, by Charles H. Snow (John Long: 7*s.* 6*d.*). All American; shootings, horses, and a real film thrill.

Vision, by Anne Praize (Cecil Palmer: 7*s.* 6*d.*). When you have accepted an "impossible" will at the beginning, the writer holds your attention closely to the end by her vivid description of life on an Australian station

Suppressed Evidence, by Victoria Yorke (Long: 7*s.* 6*d.*). A most ingenious story, with thrill after thrill, and moments of tense drama.

"Junius."

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How smooth and sleek it is — the elegant 'ivory' tip! How pure and mild — the fine cigarette it adorns.

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- of course!

MOTOR NOTES

A Hillman "Vortic" in a snowy setting in Switzerland. Neither the rigours of a Swiss winter nor the steep mountain passes were able to upset the fine performances of this popular car

RUMOURS OF REVOLUTION

By E. M. Wright

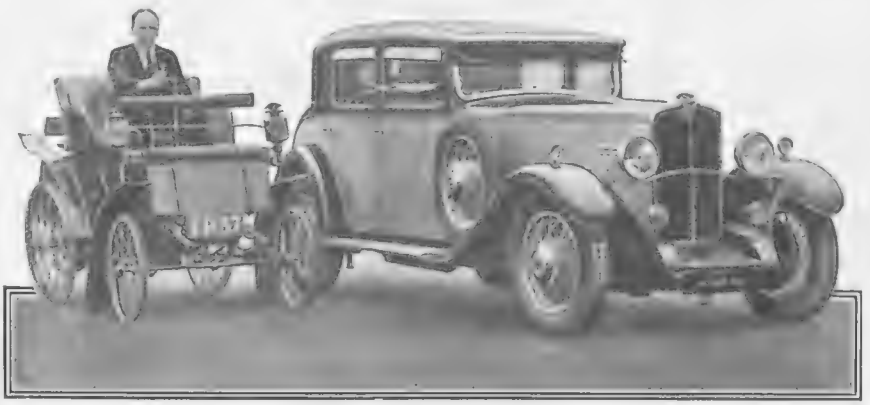
MORE and more interest is being displayed in rear-engined cars. Already there are two British makes on the market, and at least one French concern is now producing a car of this type. The two British examples represent two distinct schools of thought. One is to all outward appearance a normal, everyday car—an innocent-looking luggage-boot conceals the engine unit, while the bonnet can be used for carrying suit-cases. In actual fact it is utterly unlike every other car on the road, but its many unique factors are not immediately apparent. The other British rear-engined car departs completely from standard practice, both as regards appearance and layout. In the eyes of the average owner-driver it is frankly futuristic, but Sir Dennistoun Burney, its designer, has undoubtedly looked farther ahead than 1932. His gaze is fixed on the nineteen-forties, or possibly even the nineteen-fifties.

***

WE are sometimes apt to regard the rear-engined car as an innovation. In fact, it is a return to the earliest practice in motor car design. The first car to be built in this country had its engine at the back. And the more one comes to study the question, the more one realises that that is where the engine ought to be. The pioneers were right in theory; but, unfortunately, practical difficulties compelled them to put the engine in the front. The innovation of the earliest motor cars made it essential that one should be able to get at the engine with the least possible fuss. Merely to have to remove the bonnet in order to reveal the whole of the car's "innards" was a notable advance in the days when these "innards" required daily—nay, hourly—attention, and the motorist spent many a trying time tinkering with a spanner.

***

THUS the present layout of the motor car came into being. While the bonnet continued to be a mere stumpy excrescence, and while bodies were perched well clear of the propeller-shaft, there was no reason why the designers should revert to their original conception of a car. In the days, too, before enclosed bodies became generally popular, the difficulty of eliminating heat and fumes did not arise. It is only within the last few years that makers have begun to realise the limitations which the forward engine position places on design. Height has been drastically reduced with the result that the propeller-shaft is now seriously in the way. In our smaller cars, indeed, the floor of the rear compartment is *below* the level of the propeller-shaft, and this necessitates accommodating the shaft by means of an uncomfortable and ungainly ridge which divides the floor into two deep wells.



ANCIENT AND MODERN

A study in contrasts afforded by two Star cars. The one on the left is an 1898 model which is seen beside a 1931 Star "Planet" saloon

THE rear seats, even on the most expensive and luxurious makes, are directly over the rear axle, and thus receive the full force of any jolt or bump. Again, with the advent of multi-cylinder cars and long, high bonnets visibility is seriously impaired. In many big cars the driver, peering through a narrow slit of a windscreen, can see nothing of the road immediately in front of him. And, last but not least, there is the difficulty of preventing heat and fumes from entering the body of the car. By placing the engine at the rear all these difficulties disappear.

***

THOUGH, for the time being, one British maker has compromised by altering the internal layout of the car without altering its conventional outward appearance, changing the position of the engine must ultimately result in a complete change in the appearance of the car. Such an internal modification will enormously facilitate more efficient streamlining. In *The Autocar* recently, Mr. E. J. Appleby boldly predicts that ten years hence "futuristic" streamlined cars with their engines at the rear will be in general use. Wings, he adds, will be part and parcel of the body, while "cars of pressed steel with bodies and chassis integral and embodying the crank case and casings for the gear box and differential" will possibly figure in most manufacturers' catalogues.

***

MERELY by reversing the layout of existing models designers would achieve that pleasing streamline appearance at which they now aim, and at the same time add greatly to the car's riding comfort. The long sweeping bonnet would then form the tail of the car, while the former rear compartment would accommodate the driver. All machinery would be behind and not in front of the passengers. The radiator, too, would cease to be in front. Already, indeed, on one of the French engine models it forms a sort of spinal ridge at the back of the car, which, starting from the level of the roof, runs in a sweeping curve down the centre of the tail till it gradually merges with the general lines of the car.

***

MR. APPLEBY is no idle day-dreamer, however fantastic his predictions may sound to those unable to visualise a car in any way different from

(*Continued on page* vi)

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with

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Captain Malcolm Campbell on 5th Feb., 1931, driving his NAPIER - Campbell "Blue-bird," achieved a fresh World Speed Record for Great Britain when at Daytona he covered the measured mile at an average speed of

245·7 m.p.h.

In the Air

The Napier Engine installed in Captain Campbell's car is the same type as was fitted in the Gloster-Napier Seaplane with which Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth set up a world air speed record of

336 m.p.h.

On Water

The world's speed record for single-engined motor boats and the Championship of the World, were secured by the late Sir Henry Segrave, driving Lord Wakefield's Napier-engined "Miss England I."

NAPIER

D. NAPIER & SON LTD.
ACTON, LONDON, W.3

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page iv)

those which exist to-day. Time alone will reveal the lines on which the motor car will ultimately develop, but in England, France, and America (the home of stereotyped designs) engineers are already putting into practice new theories which may in the very near future revolutionise our whole conception of what a car should be and how it ought to look.

A New Stream-lined Saloon

THE maker of everyday private-owner cars has learned much from the experience gained in the speed attempts at Daytona—particularly as regards more efficient streamlining. The Singer concern, for instance, have just introduced a new coachbuilt "Six" saloon, the design of which was evolved by Mr. Kaye Don working in collaboration with the company's artist-engineer. Known as the Kaye Don Singer Six, this saloon sells at £480, and though not built for racing, is capable of nearly 70 m.p.h. In appearance it is ultra-modern without being in any way freakisk. A sloping vee-shaped windscreen is fitted, and a triple curve motif is employed on the radiator, on the bumpers, and wherever appropriate throughout the car.

***

THE front wings extend in a graceful curve from the forward peak to the dumb-irons, and thus conceal the brake drums, stub axles, and so forth. At the same time, by creating a partial vacuum, they retain the mud thrown up by the wheels until it drops back on to the road, and so prevent it from being flung on to the sides of the body. Triplex glass is fitted throughout, and the rear window consists of three panels which can be opened. A four-speed gear box is built in unit with the engine, which has a Treasury rating of 16 h.p. Marles steering and Dewandre vacuum servo brakes are fitted. The interior equipment includes finger-tip control, concealed arm rests on both front and rear seats, and adjustable interior visors.

The Phantom II Rolls-Royce car which will be on view at the Buenos Aires Exhibition, opening to-day, February 18. It is fitted with a special Thrupp and Maberly Sedanca de Ville body, cellulosed in black and fine lined, and the woodwork is of Oriental walnut with interior fittings of satin, silver and ivory. A feature is a special cabinet in the interior containing a soda-water syphon and provision for bottles and beakers

Horse-Power—Not Horses

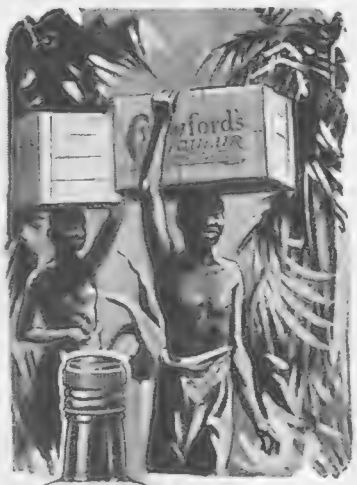
THE case for continuing to use horsed vehicles instead of motor lorries and vans has received another set-back by news of a decision just arrived at by the French State Railways. With the twofold object of saving expense and speeding up delivery services, they have decided to put Dobbin on the pension list and employ only horses of the internal combustion variety in future. Other advantages which cannot be stressed too often are that without the horse streets would be cleaner and safer. E. M. W.

When

Crawford's LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

hits the trail to the Back of Beyond the Vacuum Top to the Bottle Safeguards the contents every mile of the way.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.



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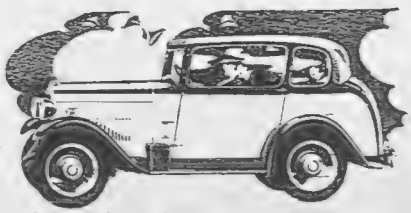

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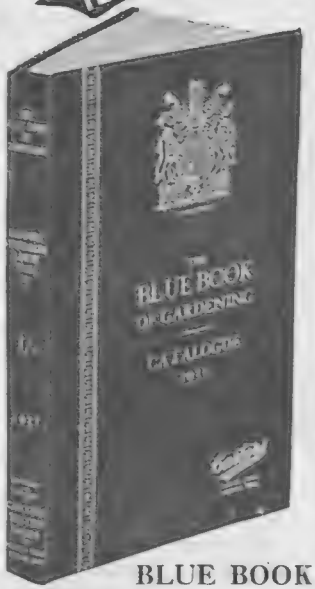

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

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The following "operation orders" relate to a Grand Smoking Concert and Dugout Supper organised by the Leeds "Pals" (15th West Yorks Regt.) Association. The menu of the supper will appeal to all gourmets as being both unusual and appetising, whilst the sum charged, 2s. 6d. per head, certainly does not err on the side of expensiveness!

Troops will parade outside their Coy. H.Q. and will proceed to the Guildford Redoubt (ref A.B.1.2.) to arrive there not later than 7 p.m. O.C. Coys. will report to Capt. Atkinson, who will show them to their respective dugouts. A raid having been made by your Committee on the A.S.C. Stores, we are able to provide the following menu:—

HORSE DERFS.
From Transport Lines.
SOUP.
Crème Napoofinny. Thick Sumpole.
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Filet du Sole de Trenchboot.
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Erfs and Chips (in bundles of ten). Devilled Duckboards.
JOINT.
Bœuf à la Fray Bentos. Sans Tin.
Toot Sweets. Café Rum.
Lecture on "Delousing" by Sergt.-Maj. Hyam Chattee, 7th Bughunters.

At great danger (to herself) Mam'selle from Armentiers has promised to be with us, and will sing, amongst others, that famous song, "It's the poor wot gets the blime." At this period a rum ration will be served, after which every man will "stand 2" (or 3 if he has 'owt), as an attack is expected by the 3rd Wurtumburgers—the "THREE TYKES"—which will probably last until 11 p.m., when, after being relieved by the Swiss Navy, troops will proceed under their own steam to the Railhead, leave being granted to all ranks until February 13th.

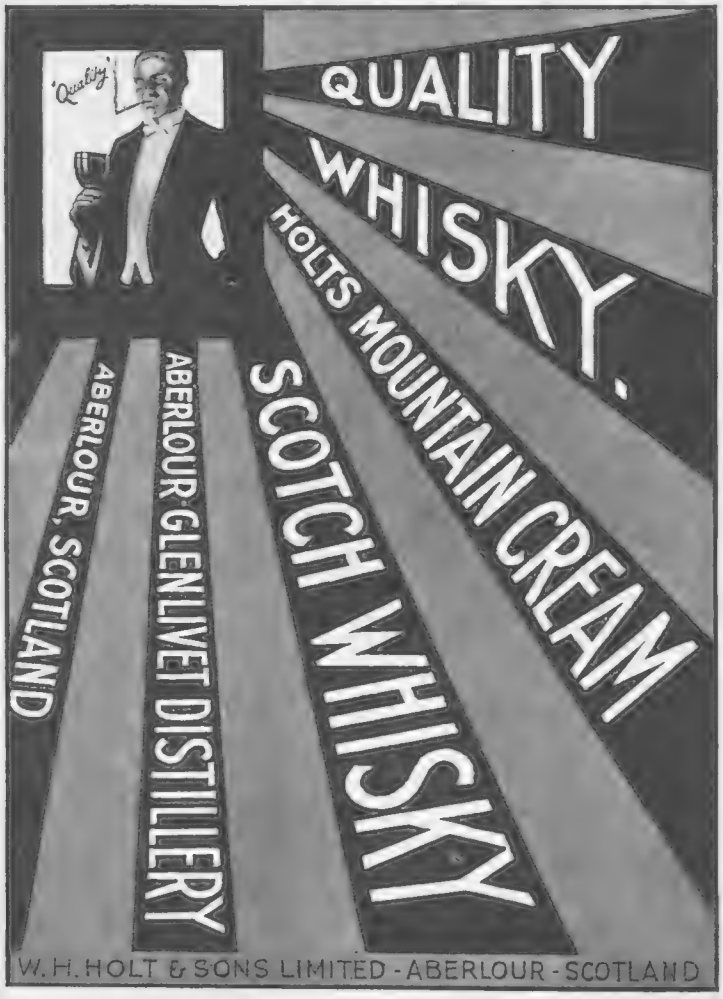
An impression of M. Borgo, the popular maître d'hôtel of Romano's, the famous restaurant in the Strand, which is once again a favoured rendezvous of the world of Bohemia

For the Kiddies

A free gift that will be welcomed by parents and children is the three jolly coloured books presented by the proprietors of the renowned Wright's Coal Tar Soap. There is a coloured easy arithmetic book, an alphabet book, and a first primer. All are highly amusing to the youngsters, imparting useful knowledge to the young brain in a pleasant manner. Mothers should not fail to send for these—they will keep the bairns quiet for many an hour. Send your name and address, with an outside printed wrapper from a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and a 1½*d.* stamp, to Picture Books, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, Southwark, London, S.E.1.

The Cricketer's Vade Mecum

Although the cold winds of winter are still with us, the good cricketer is already turning his thoughts towards the not far-distant days when the nets will echo again to the sound of bat striking ball and the "flannelled fool" (so-called) will oust the "muddied oaf" (alleged). Another sign that the return of King Willow is not far distant is the appearance of John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1931. We cannot let this, the sixty-eighth edition, make its appearance without a word of welcome. Comprising over 760 pages, it contains, among other interesting features, not only an account of all the Test matches and other first-class matches played by the Australians last year, as well as of all the county matches—142, but reports of Varsity and Public School matches, cricket records, the calendar for 1931, and special articles, including a biography of Wilfred Rhodes. Edited by C. Stewart Caine, it is on sale at all booksellers at 5*s.* 6*d.*



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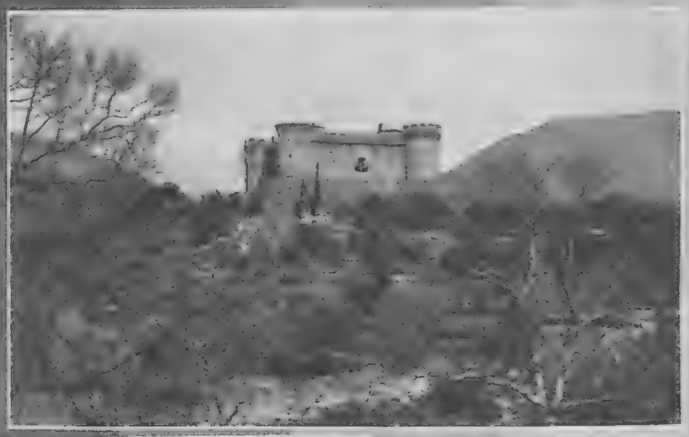
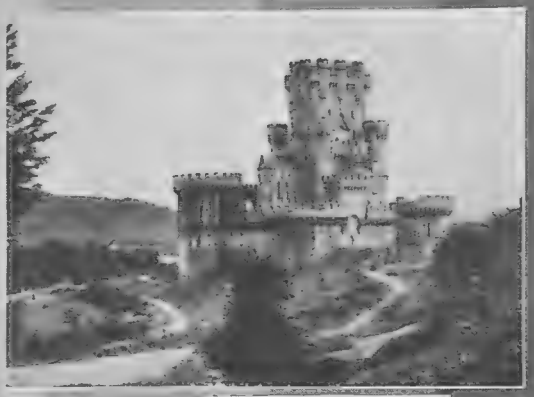
CASTLES OF SPAIN

Avila, general view

Alcázar of Segovia



Castle of Mombeltrán



Castle of Butrón

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Castle of Coca

Castle of Manzanares el Real

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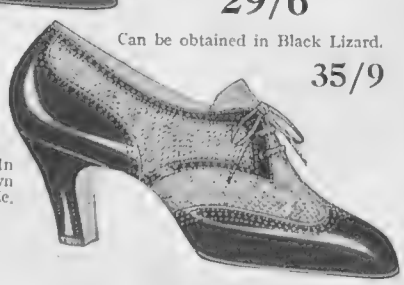

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(Capt. Malcolm Campbell, Motoring Editor, "The Field.")

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"JOHN! Why on Earth didn't you bring this home before?

IN THE FEB. ISSUE

"I'D RATHER BE A WOMAN" by Lady Drummond Hay
"THE MOON AT CARTHAGE" by Marjorie Bowen
"EVERYWOMAN" by May Edginton
"THE 'CANNON FODDER' OF INDUSTRY" by Joan Woollcombe
"THE CAMEL'S BACK" by Mollie Panter-Downes
"LA BELLE GABY" by Jeanne Bordeux
"ADVICE I MIGHT HAVE TAKEN" by Arthur Mills
"HOLLYWOOD'S SHOPS AND SHAMS" by Margaret Chute
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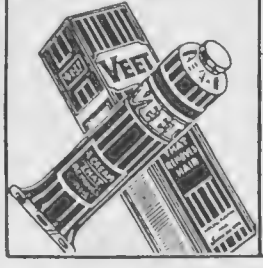

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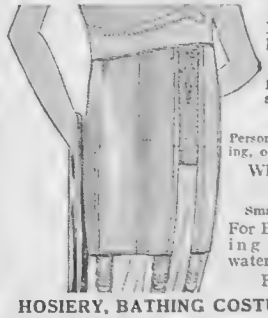

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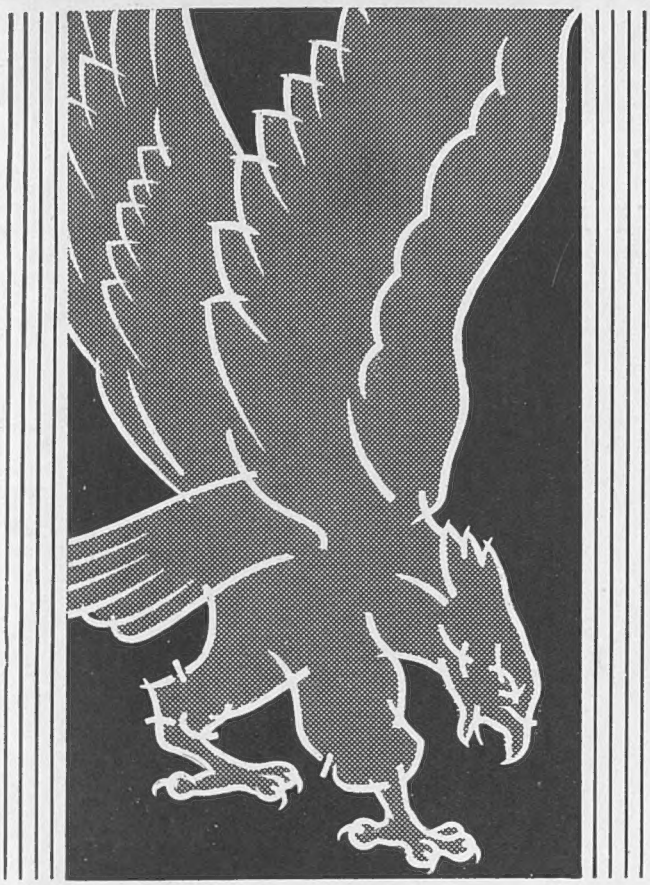

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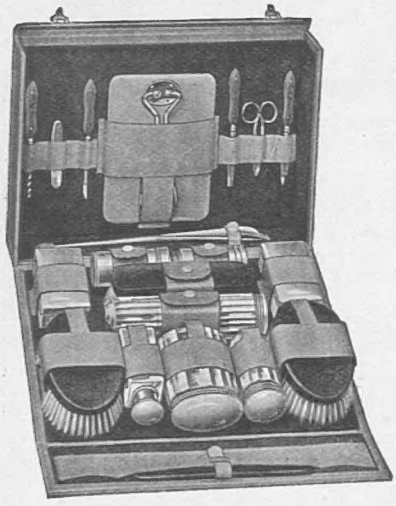

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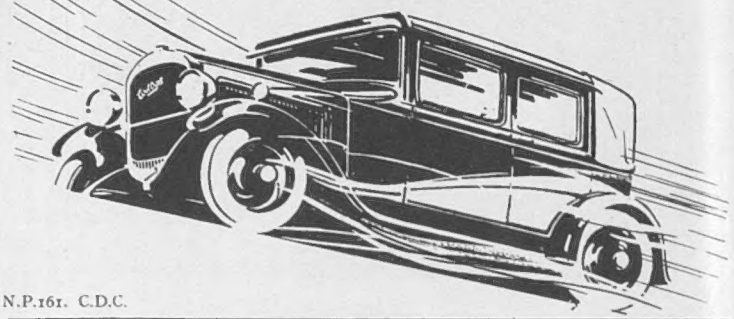

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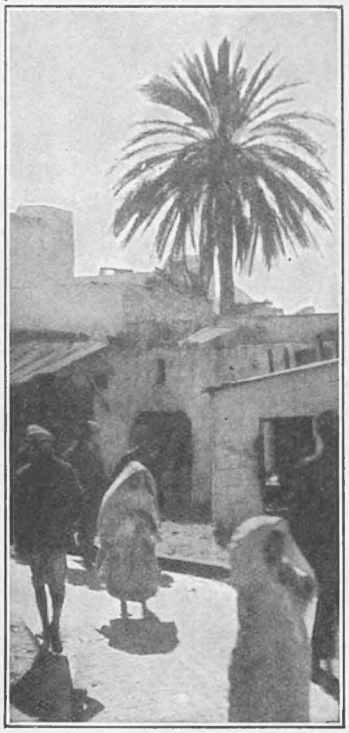

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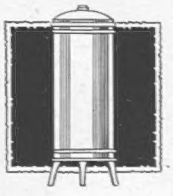

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